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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 371

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
The Panama Dishonor 374
The Functions of the Senate 375
The Tin Box and the Tin Pail 376
The Real Canadian Feeling 377
Mommsen 377

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:
Art and Humor in England 378

CORRESPONDENCE:
The Triumph of Tammany 379
The Alaska Adjudication 379
Mortality Statistics and the Average Duration of Life 380
Signor Ricci's Successor 380
Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" 380

NOTES 381

BOOK REVIEWS:
Morley's Gladstone 384
Recent Poetry 387
Recent Fiction 389
The Horsewoman 391
The Alien Immigrant 391
History of Concord, New Hampshire 392
Laura Bridgman 392
Caliban's Guide to Letters 392

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 393

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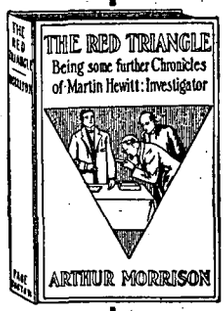

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt has now ordered acts of war against Colombia. No other interpretation can be put upon his instructions to our naval commanders to prevent Colombian troops from embarking at Buenaventura, or any other national port. This goes far beyond the preliminary affront to Colombia in recognizing the twenty-minute republic of Panama, as Senator Teller aptly calls it. That was bad enough. It was an act which Professor Woolsey of the chair of international law in Yale University declares to be without justification in correct principles. To notify a Government that a seceding State has "accomplished" its independence, almost before the central authorities had heard that there was even a revolution, was a step which would, of course, have led to an instant declaration of war if the offended nation had not been as an infant to a prize-fighter. But now the President has outdone even that act of aggression, and has put us technically in a state of war with Colombia. Almost more amazing is the reason which he assigns for it. "The Washington Government," says the official dispatch, "holds that this policy is in the interest of the general good." But the President of the United States is a creature of law. Warrant for his public acts he must seek, not in his own magnanimous though possibly fallible impulses, but in the law of the land—in treaties, in the Constitution, in the statutes of the United States. It is safe to say, however, that in none of these can Mr. Roosevelt find the shred of a sanction for his hostile course towards Colombia. He sends his vessels of war to Colombian waters and asserts jurisdiction there. He threatens to sink any transport which may put to sea with troops of a country with which we are at peace. And when we ask *quo warranto?* the answer is "the general good"—that is, Mr. Roosevelt's own notion of what the general good requires. It is the stereotyped plea of irresponsible tyrants in all ages.

Financial critics have observed the irony that, after giving Mr. Morgan international renown for squeezing the water out of other people's companies, brought him as widespread condemnation for putting water into his own companies. In some such fashion Secretary Hay seems ready to be the demolisher of the edifice he has laboriously constructed. The Chinese negotiations, broadly speaking, are his best title to diplomatic fame. In meeting the tortuous policy of Russia, he has shown an imperturbable patience and an indefatigable resourcefulness. His strength in all these matters has been less that of our fleet and army than the moral advantage of speaking for a disinterested nation and against oppression of a weak people. To say that the United States did not desire a foot of Chinese territory was worth a squadron. And now Secretary Hay has treated Colombia far more outrageously than Russia ever treated China. For Russia has at least had the advantage of tolerated possession in Mantchuria, she has formally at least respected Chinese suzerainty, she has always alleged colorable excuses for not withdrawing on the promised dates, she has used the delays and decencies of diplomacy to the utmost, and generally has done everything to disguise the show of force. Compare this with Secretary Hay's treatment of Colombia: he has recognized a rebellion overnight, and forbidden the regular Government to exercise the inalienable right of every nation to protect its own sovereignty; he has reversed in a day the diplomatic precedents of a half century towards Colombia; he has punished an independent nation refusing a treaty by filching the territory under negotiation; where the Russians have had a colorable show of maintaining their own vested rights, he has trampled upon rights assured by many treaties and precedents. With what face can he now conduct any humane or disinterested negotiation for another nation? One may imagine the open scorn with which St. Petersburg will wave aside virtuous pretensions emanating from Washington.

Secretary Hay, in defence of the "justice and equity" of the rash act of the President in ordering Colombia out of Panama, makes citations from his predecessors in office. They prove conclusively that we are under solemn obligations to respect and defend the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus. But what we are now about is the destruction of that sovereignty. As for our right to keep transit open, no one has questioned that. It has never been interfered with. Hence references to that part of the treaty are irrelevant. Is it not, in fact, adding insult to injury to assure Colombia that we are slapping her in the face solely in obedience to treaty stipulations? Mr. Hay makes much of the rejection of the canal treaty by the Colombian Congress. Has he never heard of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, contumeliously rejected by our Senate? That was never alleged by England as a grievance. Not even Mr. Hay broke out in revolution in consequence. His whole statement is singularly inconclusive. No one knows better than he that to find warrant in "the interests of civilization" is to do exactly what Napoleon did in overrunning Europe as a military conqueror.

What a pity that Sackville West was British Minister to Washington before the time of the latest diplomacy! He had been in the service many years when, in 1888, he received his passports from President Cleveland for having advised a naturalized Englishman to vote the Democratic ticket as most favorable to English interests. For this offence his public career came to an abrupt end. Nowadays your telegraphic diplomat of twenty-four hours' standing, representing a republic not yet out of its first week in the incubator, advises Senators with impunity, and lunches with the Secretary of State in all dignity thereafter. Poor Senator Morgan! For years he has resisted the arguments and appeals of the greater portion of the American press, and has bitterly opposed what he has considered the Panama iniquity, only to be told by a fledgling Franco-American-Panamanian diplomat that it is time for him to "call off" his opposition! Could there be a more bitter humiliation than this? The diplomat's brother turns out to have been a "heavy stockholder in the old canal company," a "plunger in the new company," who is "likely to win a fortune" if the present sordid transactions are concluded. We do not wonder that Senator Morgan exclaimed that he had received an offer to buy him from Minister Varilla. Our only wonder is that he escaped an apoplectic shock, particularly when he heard the good news that he was to be replaced as Chairman of the Senate Canal Committee by that eminent canal-builder, M. A. Hanna.

Many disappointed partisans of Mayor Low now say that if he had not been so strict in the enforcement of the laws, he could have been reëlected. We are told that he ought not to have insisted on licensing all the peddlers and push-cart wagons. This is thought to have cost him the East Side vote. Similarly, he lost the support of the Broad and Wall Street office boys who were accustomed to lunching from pushcarts in the streets and blocking the thoroughfares during the noon hour. Their feeling is similar to the view that the Mayor "failed to take care of those who supported him." It seems hardly necessary at this late day to say that a public official has no choice but to enforce the laws, and that when he did so Mr. Low won every one's respect. When, under the specious plea that the "extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice," the

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Mayor winked at the non-enforcement of the excise law, his Administration steadily lost ground in the popular regard. It did not begin to show signs of strength until Gen. Greene came into office. What the disappointed ought to do now is to cease from grumbling, and join the movement to solve the excise question and "take it out of politics" by some just and satisfactory law. Then they can lend their influence to the repeal of less important statutes if it seems to them wise and proper to do so. This is the manly way. To criticise defeated candidates for having done their sworn duty is the last thing we should hear of.

In the collapse of Devery's farcical candidacy, there is at least a crumb of comfort. In his own district the Big Chief managed to poll 1,135 votes out of a total of more than 9,600; but it is safe to say that every member of the Independent People's Party was bought at an impracticably great price. Only in three other Assembly districts did Devery's vote pass 100. Evidently, his advice to take all that was offered and then vote as you chose, was not unheeded by the beneficiaries of "The Pump." The case is full of instruction for those who imagined that, in some mysterious fashion, Devery's candidacy was to promote the fortunes of the Fusion ticket. The result makes these augurs look very foolish. Apparently, nobody voted for Devery except a few who were hopelessly in his debt, and a handful of brainless folk who dearly love a bad joke. We cannot hope that there was any moral indignation in the repudiation of Devery by the plain people whom he so assiduously blarneyed; there was, however, a deal of common sense in refusing to take the mountebank for a politician. Undoubtedly, the plain people had their reasons, though bad, for voting for Tammany. There never were any reasons for voting for Devery except in the superheated minds of some of the flightier friends of good government.

The defeat of Mr. W. T. Emmet in the Twenty-second Senatorial District ends the Republican deadlock in the Senate, and carries to fruition the Roosevelt and Platt conspiracy to give back to the latter the complete control of the Legislature, of which he was temporarily deprived last winter by the bolting Republican Senators. Thanks to several up-State and local victories, the Easy Boss has also strengthened his grasp on the Assembly. In this respect Republican success is no more to the advantage of good government than is Tammany success. However much Senator Platt may assure the city of his devotion to civic decency, his flagrant indecency in State matters makes it ever necessary to watch him as a detective watches a confidence man. Gruber's obvious willingness to sacrifice Fusion for his pet judge—whom, however, he happily lost—shows the natural boss instinct of betrayal. The folly of Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness towards Platt and Quay and men of their stripe becomes more apparent every day. While ostensibly making for the advantage of the Republican party, it really menaces, and menaces seriously, its immediate future, for the simple reason that no party of moral ideas can hope to retain the respect of honest voters when it is represented by such men as its present State bosses. The evil results of the McClelland bargain the Republican party will feel more at the next election than this, after a cut-and-dried machine-made session of the Legislature. It will undoubtedly help the Democrats to carry the State for their Presidential electors next fall.

Gov. Garvin's reëlection has excited virtuous rage in Rhode Island. The Democrats and the independent Republicans who supported Dr. Garvin were very unfeeling in their treatment of the Republican machine. They actually ventured to hire detectives to stop bribery at the polls. As a committee headed by Bishop McVickar had already been circulating in pamphlet form the *Evening Post* articles on corruption in Rhode Island, and had been agitating for an honest election, the employment of detectives was obviously the culmination of a dastardly attack upon the right of a freeman to sell his vote to whom he pleases for whatever price he pleases. The Providence *Journal*, mouthpiece of the machine and the traction interests of Senator Aldrich, has flown to the defence of Rhode Island liberties. It does not hesitate to print the charge that the pamphlets were "published and distributed by a sect of Christians which aspires to call itself the only true and catholic church of America"; that the enemies of the machine, including the arch-villain, "the bishop of the diocese," are a "motley throng," and that the detectives were "Hessians hired to risk their lives for a stated cause." These banded hosts of evil, led by the clergymen, college professors, philanthropists, and other well-known rascals of the State, have won a temporary victory; but, it is gratifying to observe, the friends of the machine, though angry, are undismayed. They declare that, in spite of the malevolent activity of the "hireling and the zealot," "we are hopeful of the future, because we have faith to believe that those who honestly strive for better things eventually receive abundant reward for their earnest endeavors." This is, indeed, the stern stuff of which moral heroes are made.

For years past the educated and refined colored man or woman travelling in the South has had one way of escaping the hateful "Jim Crow" car. By paying the additional fare he or she could secure a chair or a berth in a Pullman car, without being set apart like an animal to be shunned or a contaminating leper. Now we must record with humiliation an effort to put all colored people out of the Pullman cars, hitherto deemed beyond the reach of race discrimination owing to the Federal Interstate Commerce laws. The movement began, it appears, with Gov. Frazier of Tennessee, who protested to the State Railway Commission, and induced that body to order the Pullman Company to keep the negroes out. Instructions to this effect are said to have been already issued by the Louisville and Nashville, and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway; and W. L. Granbery, a counsel of the Pullman Company, announces that that company has actually agreed to the State Railway Commission's wishes. A meeting of the Southern Pullman agents to discuss this issue is also announced. It is to be held in Chicago. But why, asks the Charlotte *Observer* pertinently, is such a gathering necessary if the Pullman Company can be regulated by State boards? Against the proposed outrage the colored people may be expected to protest at once. They should take immediate steps to bring the issue before the courts in order to ascertain if the rights they have always had may be thus taken from them overnight, and they themselves made more than ever a "class apart."

Thursday's announcement that the Steel Corporation had cut the price of steel four dollars per ton, seemed to be received on Wall Street almost with consternation. There are other quarters, however, where we suspect the news was greeted with complacency. We refer particularly to the railways, whose recent reports have unanimously testified to the enormous increase in the year's expenditure, caused by the high cost of materials and supplies. The building trade has been handicapped by this burden almost as much as by its labor difficulties. It is true that steel rails and structural steel were not reduced in price by the cut; but the general tendency is plain enough. What caused the stock market's dismay was undoubtedly, in the first place, the old tradition that, as the price of steel and iron moves, so moves general trade, and, in the second, doubt as to how the cut in steel would affect the Steel Corporation's revenues.

The explanation given is, that the cut was to stimulate trade. Clearly, trade needed stimulating. The company's statement of October 6, when the common-stock dividend was reduced, showed that its earnings for September were nearly $2,000,000 under 1902, and that

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orders for steel then in its hands for future manufacture were 1,100,000 tons below last autumn—a decrease of 22 per cent. In view of such conditions, lowering of prices seems a reasonable step; it is the Carnegie Company's historic policy on such occasions. So, we presume, the trade and Wall Street would regard it but for the fact that the reduction also confesses publicly the folly and hollowness of the theories which our great financiers set forth in 1901. Only make your companies big enough in stock and bonds, and we shall have no more fluctuations in prices of materials. Well, the experiment has been tried, though not yet to the end, and two points are already conclusively established. Even a billion-dollar company cannot maintain prices for its product if the consuming public cuts down its purchases. Furthermore, when such prices do decline, signs of alarm are witnessed, not from the small establishments which were to be abolished by the "new finance," but from the great combine itself which had to earn $60,000,000 annually to pay its dividends.

Mr. Chamberlain was, for him, on the defensive last week at Birmingham. He admitted that British trade was not perishing, conceded even that great prosperity had followed the adoption of free trade. But he insisted that the country had prospered only in the ratio of its natural increase of population. Protectionist countries, on the contrary, had seen trade overtake population. England, then, though flourishing, has enjoyed only a portion of the well-being that under a protective system would assuredly have been hers. At first blush this strikes one as a weak appeal, and as far less cogent than the old wail over declining trade. Yet for an audience of manufacturers the argument did not lack attractiveness. Mr. Chamberlain was not appealing to supposititious profits lost in the past; he was rather promising enhanced profits in the future. He was making the straightforward protectionist approach to the cupidity of the manufacturing interests. That argument is always formidable.

As usual, Mr. Chamberlain scored off Cobden, asserting that the great free trader had promised, should England adopt free trade, that the United States would abandon its premature manufacturing and send the mill hands back to the fields "to dig and delve and plough for us." Before condemning Cobden as a foolish prophet on the strength of a scrap torn from context, it may be well to recall what he actually thought of the industrial future of the United States. He visited America in 1835. As he passed the Alleghanies and for the first time looked upon the Mississippi basin, he wrote: "Here will one day be the headquarters of agricultural and manufacturing industry; here will one day centre the civilization, the wealth, the power of the entire world." Again, speculating on the people "which shall surpass and supersede the Yankees," he says: "They must be a race that will be able to dispense with food and sleep altogether." A little later he declared "that it is from the west rather than from the east that danger to the supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended; that is, from the silent and peaceful rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people, and their economical and pacific government." These last advantages we have largely sacrificed since 1835, but the extracts effectually dispose of Mr. Chamberlain's imputation of a bucolic vision of America to Cobden, and they illustrate as well the folly of the comparative view of prosperity. In fact, the fundamental fallacy of the Chamberlain idea is that it neglects British wealth outside of the two kingdoms. No Little Englander could take a more myopic attitude toward Imperial bookkeeping. The prosperity of the British in colonies and dependencies would be no less real though the political status of the Britains beyond the seas should be changed. But Mr. Chamberlain prefers to put the wealth and the population of Great Britain under the glass, and to declare that the ratio of diameters is unsatisfactory.

Signor Giolitti has been the political manager of the Italian Ministry for two years past, so that his assumption of the Premier's title means little real change of policy. The only recruit of real strength in the new Cabinet is the veteran economist Luzzatti, who accepts the Treasury portfolio. Presumably, Giolitti will endeavor to continue the alliance with the Parliamentary Socialists, by virtue of which a coalition Ministry has shown surprising stability. Giolitti is heartily in favor of reduction of the food taxes and of radical reform in the impoverished South. With his accession the Ministry loses moral tone. The scandals of the Banca Romana passed near enough to him to leave him smirched, if not formally implicated. In general he bears the reputation of cultivating rather the arts of the politician than of the statesman. It is matter of surprise that he accepts the Prime Ministry, for it seems that the present Government can be only a stop-gap at best. Very likely Signor Giolitti has a very definite programme of fiscal and tax reform in mind—one that he may present to the constituencies with the reasonable hope of being returned to Montecitorio with a genuine majority.

The politics of the Dual Empire falls into deeper confusion through the announcement of a new Bohemian nationalist programme. In a sense the new demands merely raise more emphatically than before the old language question. But they have an added weight in view of the partial surrender of the Government to similar demands by the Hungarians. Obviously, if the Emperor is to found another Czech University, encourage the use of the language in schools, impose it upon certain parts of the army, he will be ministering directly to separation. If he refuses to do as much for the Bohemians as he has done for the Hungarians, the Bohemian Nationalists threaten to use "the sharpest parliamentary" opposition to the present Government. That means a renewal of obstructive tactics at Vienna by the Czechs, and probably also an increase of the chronic disaffection of the Magyars. Theoretically, separation ought to prevail very soon in the Empire. The situation of a Hapsburg Emperor caught between two alien and hostile races becomes daily more anomalous. But if living together is difficult for the races composing the Empire of Austria, separation seems impracticable. Bohemia certainly would stand aghast if by some sudden turn she were taken at her word, read out of the Empire, and made an independent State.

The Sultan, it is reported, stands on his dignity in respect to the new demands of Austria and Russia. He reminds those Powers that he has already promised various reforms which to the best of his ability he has executed. He resents, accordingly, the attempt to exact further pledges in an old matter. This is the attitude of one who knows that the insurrection is over for the winter, and is assured that his Christian mentors have no intention of coercing him. If the new plan were put into effect, however, it would greatly relieve the situation. A grave defect is the retention of Hilmi Pasha as the Governor-General of the four disturbed vilayets. An autonomous Governor directly responsible to the Powers is the indispensable minimum of reform. But there is at least a theoretical gain in the stipulation of Christian inspectors to supervise the administration, and in the provision for officering the Turkish gendarmerie from the armies of the Powers. Similar reforms have failed in practice, but the mere enlargement of the demands upon the Porte is an indication at least of the time when the Near Eastern question will be dealt with seriously. From these demands of Austria and Russia, as from any joint action of these Powers, indeed, rather little is to be hoped. Their immediate stake is too great, their eventual interests too opposed, for them to play a magnanimous part in the Levant. And it is a case for magnanimity.

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THE PANAMA DISHONOR.

The sudden separation of the State of Panama from Colombia looks unpleasantly like a vulgar plot with "millions in it." Have our consuls, or any of our military officers, intrigued to bring about this artificial revolution? We cannot fail to note that this is positively asserted in a dispatch of the French consul at Panama to his Government. And we see the same thing hinted in the insinuation of a German newspaper that President Roosevelt has been "working behind the scenes." We can already see material for most unpleasant disclosures. That military "reconnoissance" of the Isthmus by our youthful army officers—what was that for? Were they not really reconnoitring a revolution? The concealed shipment of arms from this country, in aid of the revolutionists, may have been wholly legal, but was altogether suspicious. It is certain that the Navy and State Departments knew all about the revolution in advance. The "tip" was out in this city and in Washington that the affair was set up and would come off according to advertisement. Our naval officials disclaim any actual knowledge of what was to occur, but say with a smile that they made ready for it out of "intelligent anticipation." This it was that caused the orders to the cruiser *Dixie*, on October 24, to put to sea at once, despite her chief engineer's request for time to make repairs, and with four hundred marines in addition to her regular crew—many of them "picked men." As a blind, the report was that the *Dixie* was to go to Guantánamo, Cuba; but it is now admitted that the real destination was Colon. If our consuls warned the Government of what was coming, did they get their information from the chiefs among the revolutionists? Did the latter raise any question about being recognized by the United States? What we know is that they cabled a request for recognition the moment they had launched their pronunciamiento.

Certain stereotyped phrases are invoked. They always are to gloss over wrongful action. It is said that we were bound to recognize the *de facto* insurrectionary government in Panama and Colon—for there is no evidence that the revolution extended beyond those two cities. Of course, our consuls would need to find some local authority with which to transact business. In that sense, if the revolutionists remained in control, they would have to be recognized. So would a band of pirates in their place. But this is a very different thing from recognizing the "republic" of Panama. It yields no sign, as yet, of being even *de facto*. To deal with its officers is one thing; to admit the validity of their claims, as against the central Government which would put them down as rebels, is quite another. The latter would be, on the principles which we as a nation have laid down and contended for passionately, equivalent to declaring war on Colombia. No such break with our traditions and with decency should have been thought of for a moment. We should have continued to observe strict neutrality. If the alleged republic of Panama got on its legs by itself, and asserted its power against the Government at Bogotá, then, after weeks or months, the question of recognition would properly have come before us. At the outset our duty was to keep hands off and await developments. To attempt to force matters—above all, to attempt to smuggle through a canal treaty with this mushroom republic—was shocking.

Prudence and consideration in dealing with Colombia have been the rule of the State Department from Marcy to the present day. The dispatches of Seward and Fish and Evarts and Bayard are filled with expressions of the purpose of the United States to respect the sovereignty of Colombia in every way. It was once proposed by the Colombian Congress to repeal the treaty, or at least article 35, which gives us the right to keep transit open on the Isthmus. But our Minister at Bogotá urged that the American Government would never exercise its power in any unfair or unfriendly way. In fact, it was pointed out from the first that we were under peculiar obligations to uphold Colombian sovereignty. It was even thought that we were bound to help the central Government put down rebellion on the Isthmus; but the Attorney-General of the United States held that our obligation did not go beyond repelling attack from abroad. No meddling in Colombia's internal affairs has been our guide. There has been, it is true, a quiet but perilous extension of our right of landing troops, and of their power when on shore. Secretary Seward once practically apologized because Admiral Pearson landed marines without first asking permission of the local authorities. We have left all that far behind. Capt. Hubbard would not permit Colombian troops to go by rail from Colon to attack the revolutionists in Panama, but he apparently allowed the latter to cross over to Colon.

Secretary Hay is old enough, if the President is not, to recall the vehement protests against the recognition of our seceding States by European Governments. Their mere recognition as belligerents gave bitter and undying offence, though that was doubtless required by international law. But against recognizing them as a government we strenuously argued, throughout those years of fearful struggle. It was, we contended, only a rebellion which we were facing, and which we would put down in time if let alone. Yet the Southern Confederacy had many of the insignia of a nation. Gladstone was not so far wrong, as a mere matter of form, in saying so. Yet we threatened to go to war with any nation which recognized that secession movement, numbering millions of men and with formidable armies in the field. The dispatches of Seward and Adams are full of protests against recognizing the revolted States. At one stroke, however, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have thrown American principles to the winds and have committed the country to a policy which is ignoble beyond words. Our position is now the humiliating one of treating a pitifully feeble nation as we should never dream of dealing with even a third-class Power; of giving a friendly republic a blow in the face without waiting for either explanation or protest; of going far beyond the diplomatic requirements of the situation, and that with indecent haste—and all for what? To aid a struggling people? To take a stand for freedom or for republican institutions? To avert a danger? No; but just for a handful of silver, just for a commercial advantage which we ought all to spurn if not come by honorably. For this we have hurried into relations with the seceded State of Panama without giving Colombia a day's notice! It is the most ignominious thing we know of in the annals of American diplomacy.

Imagine Lord Palmerston or Napoleon III. paraphrasing our specious reasoning about the "unanimous movement of the people of Panama to resume their independence," and to set up a government "republican in form"! They could have made out a case ten thousand times stronger for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. And we should hope that they would have omitted the hypocritical touch in our notification to Columbia about the "ties of friendship" which move us to bring about her dismemberment! And note how the President moves on to arrogate power as keeper of the peace on the Isthmus. He now discovers that he is "bound by treaty obligations" to put an end to "unnecessary and wasteful civil wars" in Panama. No predecessor of his ever drew that juggler's conclusion out of the treaty. Of course, it is not there. The President has invented his obligation, and gives the world to understand that his hasty and unwarranted action in affronting a friendly nation, and entangling us with a band of conspirators, is only his way of establishing a *Pax Rooseveltiana*.

In all the Administration accounts of our treaty with Colombia, it is taken for granted that it was a grievous and now intolerable burden which we took upon ourselves in connection with Isthmian transit. But in the treaty itself this was described as an "advantage" and a "favor" to the United States; and it was expressly set down that "as an *especial compensation* for the said *advantages*," this country was to guarantee both the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sover-

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eignty of Colombia over it. This was obviously the view taken by Seward, who, on April 30, 1866, wrote to our Minister at Bogotá:

"The United States desire nothing else, nothing better, and nothing more in regard to the State of Colombia than the enjoyment on their part of complete and absolute sovereignty and independence. If those great interests shall ever be assailed by any power *at home or abroad*, the United States will be ready, coöperating with the Government and their *ally*, to maintain and defend them."

Mr. Seward wrote again, on October 9, 1866: "The United States have always abstained from any connection with questions of internal revolution in the State of Panama, . . . and will continue to maintain a *perfect neutrality in such domestic controversies*." That was certainly the very lowest measure of our duty. But what has the President done? He has placed the Administration under grave suspicion of actually promoting rebellion in a friendly nation, and of agreeing with the conspirators in advance to give them recognition and military aid. It is certain that he indecently rushed to the support of this most questionable republic *à trois*, and actually has had the audacity to notify Colombia that she will not be permitted even to attempt to reduce her rebellious subjects to obedience. There is a clean disregard of both law and morals in all this. Even the buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main would have found it too much for them.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SENATE.

In organizing a government of checks and balances, the framers of our Constitution made two notable exceptions to that mutual independence of the three coördinate branches of the Government which is the most distinctive feature of their work. They provided that the joint conclusions of the two Houses of Congress, as embodied in legislation, should be submitted to the President for his approval. They also provided that nominations to important offices by the President should be submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent. Although the practical wisdom of both these provisions has always been conceded, the very cogent reasons for them are so near the bottom of the whole question now at issue that they must be brought to mind.

The widest human experience in legislation shows that, however minutely and carefully a single body of men may consider a proposed measure, they are generally, such are the complexities of civilized society, unable to take a complete and undistorted view of all the circumstances which should influence their conclusion. We therefore adopted that feature of the English Constitution which provided that the independent assent of two bodies of men shall be necessary to any legislative measure. The two exceptional provisions of our Constitution are based upon the same general policy as that of legislation by two independent houses. After the latter have separately considered a measure, it is still possible that circumstances clear to the executive engaged in the practical work of executing the law may have been overlooked by them. The benefit of his experience is therefore secured before a proposed law takes effect. The provision that nominations to office shall be submitted to the Senate is based on the idea of extending the two-house system to executive appointments. It is therefore provided that, after the President has decided upon an appointment to office, a body of responsible men, occupying a position which enables them to form an independent judgment as to the qualifications of the appointee, shall pass judgment upon his fitness. It follows that the relation of the Senate to the President in the matter of appointments is in no way different from that of the Senate to the House in matters of legislation, or from that of the President to both Houses when an act is submitted for his approval.

Mr. Lodge's charming and specious argument in the current *Scribner's* applies equally to all three cases. He shows very clearly how much trouble is saved the overworked Executive when, by consulting only one or two Senators beforehand, he can make sure that an appointment will receive the advice and consent of the Senate, and thus insure himself against the danger of having to do his work over again through the Senate failing to confirm the nomination. He even goes so far as to recall a case which cannot but suggest that the House has it within its power to enjoy a similar advantage. He reminds us that the Senate re-made the Wilson Tariff Bill, and adhered to its conclusions with such tenacity that, "without the alteration of a single line, they became law against the bitter opposition of both House and the Executive." The corollary is plain. If the House committee which framed the measure had conferred with prominent Senators in advance, in order to learn what sort of bill the latter would permit to become law, a very bitter contest would have been avoided, and legislation would have gone on with that smoothness which marks the confirmation of nominees to office by the Senate. No one who observes the growing power of the Senate in recent times in this and other directions can be surprised if, before another generation passes away, this custom shall be found slowly and quietly making its way. If the corresponding arrangement with the President has led to no abuse, why should objection be raised to this? A tendency is seen every now and then, among immature members of Congress, to consider the question whether the President is likely to approve a given measure as a very strong factor in determining the amount of attention to be bestowed upon it.

Instead of wasting argument upon this tendency, we shall invite attention to two growing evils of the present practice which are quite independent of any theory as to its propriety. For half a century past it has been evident to all thinking men that the custom of regarding public offices as rewards for political service, generally of a personal character, is a crying evil. In the case of the classified civil service this evil has been remedied so far as it is in the power of law and regulation to do so; but in the case of offices to be filled by Presidential appointment the evil is still in full force. At Washington, communications in regard to appointments to office, especially those between the President and Senators, are regarded as confidential, so that no general statement can be made on the subject which will admit of legal proof. But it is universally supposed and never authoritatively denied that Senators do not merely suggest appointments to the President, but practically determine them. Active promoters of the political fortunes of a candidate for the United States Senate, in most of the States of the Union, look forward to public office as a reward for their work. The promise of such offices is regarded almost as a matter of course. When the supporters of a candidate for a Presidential office are named, a Senator will generally be found heading the list. In a word, the universal opinion is that, while it is quite proper that the President should satisfy himself that the candidate recommended by a Senator is fit for the position he seeks, he has no business to inquire into the Senator's motives in desiring the appointment. Subject to the limitation we have mentioned, it rests entirely with the Senator to apportion the appointments according to the zeal shown by the various candidates in promoting his political fortunes.

It would be a great error to judge the effect of this policy solely by the character of the appointments to which it leads. The demoralizing influence of the feeling that appointment to high positions in the public service depends upon loyalty to an individual, is a fruitful source of misgovernment. In the government of the people for the good of the people, no such consideration should be allowed to have play. Another evil, less serious as a matter of principle, yet more serious in its immediate effect upon the interests of good government, is the absorption of the energies of the large majority of our Senators in managing the politics of their respective States. The public questions of national importance which come before the legislative branch of the government are such as require for their proper consideration the undivided time,

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attention, and study of the ninety men who now constitute the Senate. The interoceanic canal question, the tariff question, the currency question, the conduct of our foreign affairs, the feelings, views, and policy of foreign governments, and the administration of the great executive departments of our own, are subjects of which the complexity increases year by year, and which more and more demand the undivided attention of men as well fitted to bestow it as we find in our Senate. To compare their importance with that of the management of State politics by local leaders would be simply ridiculous. Every consideration of good policy demands that those who are officially charged with so important responsibility should be required to devote all their time and attention to the duties of their position. This is impossible so long as they are expected to take charge of political organizations in their several States, and decide who shall be appointed to public office. No thinking person who has watched the development of our national administration since the civil war, can fail to be struck with the gradual reduction of our whole governmental system to a blindly operating machine, worked by forces which have little or no regard to the ultimate effects of their action upon the public welfare. To a certain extent this tendency towards routine is unavoidable. But it is impossible to administer the Government properly by any system of mere routine. As the complexity of the situation increases, it becomes more and more necessary that members of the legislative branch of the Government shall be masters of the details of governmental administration, and thus be able to exert their powerful influence in the promotion of its efficiency and purity.

There is only one way in which this can be brought about. As the reform of the civil service became possible only through the complete elimination of political influence from the requirements for office, so is the complete elimination of Senatorial influence from Presidential appointments a prerequisite to a reform which the efficiency of our public administration most urgently demands. If the principle is once accepted that the recommendation of a Senator shall receive no greater weight or consideration than that of any other equally well-informed citizen; that it must be impartial as between various candidates; and that personal service rendered to the political fortunes of a Senator disqualifies that Senator from directly recommending the giver of the service—it will be the longest step toward good administration that our generation has taken.

THE TIN BOX AND THE TIN PAIL.

The recent drop in Steel securities is only one of a number of indications of the widespread losses that have befallen the capitalist class. It is said that there are seventy-five thousand shareholders in the United States Steel Corporation. At one time the preferred stock sold as high as 101⅞, and the common touched 55. In fact, the wide diffusion of the two issues may safely be said to have been accomplished in the nineties in the one case, and in the forties in the second. Yet on Tuesday the tape registered less than 50 for the preferred and 10 for the common. The former has, therefore fallen below the high point of the latter, and the common, for which at least 60 was predicted as the minimum price, has reached a figure which plainly indicates that in general estimation its days as a dividend earner are numbered. Even a tin box might be expected to perspire under such influences, and there are seventy-five thousand such boxes. Think, too, of the Amalgamated tin boxes. What comfortable pieces of property they were in the summer of 1901, when "Copper" was quoted at 130. To-day it is worth in the market about one hundred points less.

These are merely notable illustrations of how the tin boxes have suffered. Time would fail to enumerate what has happened to the receptacles of other Trust securities. Then there are the "gilt-edged" investments — Pennsylvania, which has declined from 170 in 1902 to about 116; and Chicago and Northwestern, with its drop from 271 to 153. This list could also be extended indefinitely. But the stock-market decline is only one of the ways by which the tin boxes have been flattened out. There is the general reduction in manufacturing profits, due to the higher cost of materials and labor, and to diminished consumption. The shrinkage in this quarter has been clearly enough perceived for months past, but it is commanding increased attention just now because of the cutting of export prices in order to keep our mills in operation, and of such annual reports as have been issued lately by certain railroad companies, showing that operating expenses have increased faster than gross earnings, and also because of reductions in dividends.

But the tin box cannot suffer for any length of time without the tin pail being affected. Labor is fond of breathing out threatenings and slaughter against capital, and usually selects the most inopportune season for doing so. Capital and labor stand and fall together. The one may derive a temporary advantage from afflicting the other, but by so doing it works its permanent discomfiture. Now, capital has lately received a very hard blow. It may not yet have experienced the whole setback; but the first impact is over, and the time has come for labor to feel the effect of the same blow. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that it will meet the situation with calmness and good sense. Some people have a way of calling capital the brains and labor the hands of industry. But this is rather a senseless generalization. The one is as apt to pursue flighty methods as the other. And if capital was capable of being betrayed into its irrational policy of the last few years, it is reasonably certain that labor will not avoid commensurate blunders during its critical period.

Every day brings to light some contemplated step by labor which, if taken, will accentuate a situation otherwise unfortunate enough. The man with the tin pail should take heed to his way; otherwise he will evolve a state of affairs as extreme as that in which the man with the tin box now finds himself. To strike or not to strike is a question which is at present agitating labor unions in many parts of the country. A general strike movement at this time would be as senseless a proceeding as the general buying movement of securities was just prior to the panic of May 9, 1901. That was not the time to buy stocks, and this is not the time to quit work. The man who did the first is now suffering for it. The man who does the second will suffer by and by. The success of the labor unions in advancing wages and in obtaining other concessions in the last few years has given them a false confidence in themselves. One of the vulgarisms of Wall Street is that "any old thing will sell in a bull market." And it is equally true that the extreme demands of labor are comparatively easy of attainment in periods of rapidly increasing industrial prosperity. But even the best of securities have hard sledding in times of financial depression. The lack of buyers frequently sends them below their normal values, and keeps them there for a long interval; and labor cannot hope to escape a similar fate in periods of industrial reaction.

The sooner the man with the tin pail recognizes this fact, the more hopeful will be his outlook for the future. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, strikes are as ineffectual in times of industrial depression as was Mrs. Partington's attempt to broom back the Atlantic. When three men are seeking employment for every two places offering, somebody must be disappointed. There is no labor union in existence that can alter this immutable law. To attempt it is only to make the situation worse. So far, 1903 has not been a favorable year for strikes. Nobody knows this better than the labor organizations, and it is to be hoped that, notwithstanding their present threatening talk, the knowledge has made them conservative. It is obvious where the trouble lies with the man with the tin pail. His wage did not go up until there had been an all-around advance in his cost of living, and experience has taught him that, as a rule, it

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will come down in advance of commodity prices. But that is due to an economic law which neither he nor any one else can control. The fear that he may attempt this impossible feat is one of the things which are forcing the man with the tin box into an ultra-conservative position. Capital has been rendered timid not only by what it has suffered as a result of its own folly, but also by the threatening attitude of labor.

THE REAL CANADIAN FEELING.

Brushing aside minor grievances aired in press or in Parliament, the real sentiment of Canada on the Alaska decision is, first, one of resentment that the Dominion was tricked into a packed court; next, of sorrow that the British Government connived at the trick for the sake of friendship with the United States. This feeling is expressed by newspapers of every political tone. It is a sincere sentiment, and not a Jingo outcry. From Nova Scotia to Winnipeg it is expressed with surprising moderation and dignity. No one can afford to minimize this deliberate sense of injustice or ascribe it to mere irritation at an adverse award.

What the Canadians resent is, not that they have lost, but that by no possibility could they have won. The United States, having rejected various proposals for arbitration, finally agreed upon a mixed commission, three "jurists of repute" to be appointed on either hand. Both parties agreed to abide by the decision of the tribunal, and the arrangement was fair, and objectionable only because of the possibility of a deadlocked court. Unfairness, in the Canadian view, crept in when President Roosevelt appointed as our three "jurists of repute" Secretary Root and Senators Lodge and Turner—all politicians, and all committed absolutely by their public utterances to the American contention. At the time, the candid press maintained that the selection was unfortunate and unfair, and urged the President, who was presumably pledged to these appointments by the Senate, to change the composition of the Commission. Three days after the appointment of the American Commissioners, February 21 last, the Governor-General of Canada protested to the Colonial Office against the personnel of the Commission, and suggested the reconsideration of the treaty. Lord Onslow, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, replied that Great Britain could not criticise or object to the American Commissioners, remarked that the only alternative was to break off the negotiations entirely, and urged the undesirability of such a course. The advice prevailed with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who accepted the disadvantageous conditions of the judgment in preference to postponing to the Greek Kalends the settlement of a vexatious and dangerous dispute.

Of the fact that the court was virtually packed against the Canadians, there is not the slightest doubt. The tribunal sat in London, two commissioners bound to the Canadian contention, three to that of the United States, with but a sinble member, Lord Alverstone, really in the position of an impartial judge. By gaining Lord Alverstone the Canadians would merely not lose; by persuading the Lord Chief Justice the American must win. No wonder, then, that the moderate Toronto *Globe* declares: "Everything has been make-believe. . . . The worst the Americans had to fear was a disagreement." Or, as the Toronto *World* puts it: "A deadlock was the best we could expect, and an adverse decision, through the casting vote of Lord Alverstone, was what we had to fear." In Canadian eyes the whole proceedings of the tribunal were hocus-pocus. Practically, the matter reduced itself to a hearing before Lord Alverstone, with power to grant a verdict only for the United States. But the controversy now lies between the Canadians and their own Government, or between the Dominion and the Empire. It is the British Colonial office and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, between them, that have invented in Canada's behoof this variant of an old game—"Heads I don't win, tails you win."

We speak without cynicism in this matter, appreciating the force of Canadian discontent. It was possibly to avert personal criticism that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared in Parliament that Canada must appeal for the treaty-making power. The Winnipeg *Telegram* probably expresses a universal sentiment when it says:

> "The plain truth is, that Canada has no confidence in British diplomacy, except as regards its general complacency. It is too aristocratic in its attitude and not sufficiently businesslike. Details are passed over or yielded up with the pride of magnanimity. And there is not sufficient imagination about it to realize values and possibilities. While we may have a certain respect for this attitude, we believe it to be unsuited to business transactions. Moreover, we cannot be satisfied to have our interests determined by it."

As yet it would be premature to speculate on the future effects of this sentiment. Evidently enough, it makes strongly for Canadian independence and nationality.

It must be said that the grievance of Canada is more sentimental than real. The machinery of the award was doubtful, perhaps unfair; the award itself was, we think, indisputably just. The arguments were conducted before the world—an advantage in any case—and the judgment of disinterested Continental critics bears out Lord Alverstone in all his findings. That their cause was slighted the Canadians may properly contend; that due weight was not given to their plea, very few Canadians have asserted. The unequal balance of the tribunal bound Lord Alverstone to a double loyalty to the British contention. One must believe that he could have been won only by overwhelming evidence. This will surely be the final conviction of the Dominion. And while a stranger may hardly pass upon the family quarrel with England, the moral of the Alaska decision is clearly that Canada does well to do her negotiating with the United States directly. The tortuousness of the Alaska dealings is a very potent argument for the submission of future disputes to the Joint High Commission.

MOMMSEN.

In this age of specialists the really great scholars, those who have made the most important contributions to knowledge, have usually been specialists in more than one department. They may have tilled a limited field, but they have used the implements of more than one science. To his life-work, the reconstruction of the ancient Roman world, Mommsen brought a twofold training. He was at once a philologist and a jurist; and he made himself a recognized authority in each of these departments. His early studies in the ancient Italian dialects were purely philological. His earliest writings, on the Roman *collegia* and the Roman *tribus*, like his later works on Roman constitutional law and Roman criminal law, were juristic. His unequalled eminence as an epigraphist was gained by his mastery of both sciences; for his ability to divine the formula concealed behind a series of initial letters, and to supply the words that must have stood on a lost fragment of a memorial stone, sprang in many cases from his familiarity with Roman public and private law. His success as an editor of legal texts—his production, for example, of an edition of Justinian's Digest which has displaced all preceding editions—was due to the fact that he was not only a Roman lawyer, but also a great Latinist.

His greatest contribution to our knowledge of the ancient world is doubtless his monumental 'Römisches Staatsrecht.' In the sixteenth century the union, in Cujacius, of humanistic with legal learning had developed a new school of jurisprudence; and what Cujacius and his nineteenth-century successors, from Savigny to Jhering, have done for Roman private law, that Mommsen has done for Roman private law. The work was undertaken as a revision of the second volume of Becker's 'Roman Antiquities'—a title which carries us back to the purely humanistic origin of this branch of learning; but the lawyer in Mommsen discarded the customary chronological arrangement (monarchy, republic, empire), and he treated each of the fundamental institutions of Roman constitutional law by itself, tracing its development from beginning to end, and emphasizing its essential identity through all variations. At the same time, Mommsen, the philologist and epigraphist, controlled sources of knowledge which the ordinary lawyer can use only at second hand.

This happy combination of different specialities gives, of course, only a partial explanation of Mommsen's success, and no explanation of his unique eminence in his

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chosen field. This was due to purely personal qualities—to the restless energy which displayed itself in every line of his thin, tense, almost fierce face; to an unusual capacity for rapid and sustained labor, without which the enormous bulk of his literary output would be inexplicable; and to a still more unusual combination of breadth of view with minute and almost microscopic mastery of details. He commanded his facts, not they him; and, vast as was his learning, it was digested into knowledge.

But for one book Mommsen would be, to the world at large, and even to the educated world, one of those great men whose greatness is taken on faith, on the testimony of experts. In the three volumes in which he sketched the history of Rome to the death of Julius Cæsar, he spoke directly to the general reader, and with extraordinary brilliancy and power. The attractiveness of this book is in part due to the absence, not merely of notes, but of all citation of authorities and discussion of evidence. All the scaffolding which usually remains standing about learned works and obscures their architecture, has been cleared away. In greater measure, the success of the work was due to its clear and telling style; but most of all to the feeling—it is hardly saying too much to say passion—with which it was written. The Revolution of 1848 had drawn Mommsen out of his study into the struggle of his fellows for political liberty. The part he took in the revolutionary movement cost him, in 1850, the chair he held in the Leipzig law faculty, and it was two years before he obtained another academic appointment. In 1854 and 1855 he published his 'Roman History.' In a period of political reaction he showed his discouraged fellow-Liberals, who had failed to establish either popular government or German unity, how the Romans had won political liberty, and how, as a free people, they had established the most powerful State in the ancient world. Without underrating in any way the intrinsic value of the work, its extraordinary power may fairly be ascribed to the heat in which it was written.

It has often been asked why a radical Liberal like Mommsen was so warm an admirer of Julius Cæsar, and why so warm an admirer of Julius Cæsar was so uncompromising an enemy of Bismarck. The answer seems to be that Mommsen's politics, as revealed in the Revolution of 1848, in his 'Roman History,' and in his later political career in Berlin, were really class politics; they were primarily anti-aristocratic. In the German Revolutionary movement in 1848, several distinct tendencies were fused in a temporary alliance for the attainment of common ends. The tendency which Mommsen and his fellow-Radicals represented was democratic. Their attack upon princely absolutism was like that of the third estate in France in 1789, largely a revolt against the dominant aristocracy behind the throne. The struggle of the Roman plebians for a voice in the conduct of affairs, and the democratic revolt, in the last century of the Republic, against the supremacy of the Senatorial clique, were, to Mommsen, movements analogous to that in which he had been engaged. In the Roman senatorial order, to whose members commerce seemed ignoble, and the supervision of agriculture or of cattle-raising the only occupation — outside of war and politics — that was worthy of a gentleman, Mommsen recognized the Junkerthum of the ancient world. It is in the third volume of his history, in describing the struggle between the senatorial clique and the democratic party, that Mommsen's partisanship becomes most evident and his narrative most dramatic and absorbing. He could not be decently fair to Cicero, for Cicero started as a representative of the Roman merchant class and as a democrat, and ended as a supporter of the senatorial party. Mommsen was drawn to Cæsar because Cæsar led the democratic party and destroyed the senatorial oligarchy. The military empire which Augustus reared on the ruins of the Republic could have had little attraction for Mommsen—all the less because, as he was writing his history, Louis Napoleon was establishing a similar government in France; and it is not without significance that the fourth volume of the 'Roman History,' which was to describe the founding of the Empire, was never written. To the provincials, of course, the Empire was a blessing, and Mommsen published a fifth volume, on the provinces, in 1885; but this displays none of the fire of the earlier volumes—it is a serious, learned work like his 'Staatsrecht.'

In 1867 the great Liberal party, to which Mommsen belonged, was divided. Those who cared more for national unity than for parliamentary supremacy became supporters of Bismarck. The democrats remained in opposition, and with them Mommsen. Bismarck, who was always an aristocrat, and who had kept his promise, made in 1848, that the name of Junker should be clothed with new honor, was disliked and distrusted by them *et dona ferens*—even when he had given the Germans unity. To Mommsen, as to his fellow-Radicals, the new Empire was not the democratic Germany of which they had dreamed and for which they had striven.

ART AND HUMOR IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, October, 1903.

An exhibition of Phil May's drawings in a London gallery has followed fast upon his death, as was to be expected, for he was one of the rare few whose work not only was appreciated by artists, but was popular with the general public. The collection is made up chiefly of his more recent drawings for *Punch* and for the last number of his own *Annual*. His work, to the end, retained many of its distinctive qualities—its expressive line, its amazing economy of means, its feeling for character. But it must be confessed that something had gone from it since the days when the "Parson and the Painter" took all the world that cares for good drawing by storm. He never did anything finer; perhaps he never did anything again quite so fine. There are not many illustrators who have been able to withstand the benumbing influence of *Punch;* and Phil May was not, like Charles Keene, the exception. Certainly, whatever the cause, after he went on the staff of that paper his drawings seemed to lose their old spontaneity and freshness, their old irrepressible gayety—even, in a measure, their old mastery of the decorative value of well-balanced spaces of black and white. But, for all that, there is no one in England now who can compare with him as a humorous draughtsman, no one who could show such an accomplished series of designs.

Sketches also are included—studies of figures and costumes, mostly in pencil, and less characteristic of his work as it is known to the public. Some are excellent, preserving all the old directness and adding the tone and color which, of course, he never strove for in his pen drawings. Others had just as well not have been exhibited. It has become the fashion to parade as masterpieces the studies of one little group of students here before they have produced or exhibited finished work, but Phil May was too great an artist for such devices to be resorted to in his behalf. He might have waited, as Charles Keene waited. Keene's sketches were long to be had, even after his death, for a few shillings each, and are beginning only now to be valued by collectors, prized though they have ever been by artists. There is also in the May exhibition a series of portraits of prominent politicians, Balfour, Chamberlain, and the rest, drawn as a rule in pen-and-ink with flat washes of color; almost Phil May's very last work, I believe. Their chief merit is negative. It is as if he had hesitated between a good portrait and an effective caricature, and obtained neither. Such color as he gets is, at least, never crude or offensive. Beyond this there is little to be said, and, suggestive as it always is to see the first attempts in color of the distinguished artist who has hitherto confined himself to monochrome, in Phil May's case they only make one wish he had lived to carry his experiments further, or else that such tentative performances had not been exhibited.

The great interest of this show at the present moment, however, lies, above all, in the fact that, in an adjoining room at the same (the Leicester) gallery, a collection of Rowlandson's has been hung, while an exhibition of Charles Keene's has been opened by another dealer at the Dutch Gallery, within convenient distance, so that an excellent opportunity is presented for a comparative study of the worth of the three greatest artist-humorists of England since the days of Hogarth.

In one respect there is no question that the gain has been great, the development immensely for the better. Rowlandson was an artist, no less than Keene and Phil May. I may not go as far as M. Huysmans, who, according to a quotation now making the rounds of the press—which I do not remember, and have not yet been able to trace—was ready to put aside Gavarni and the Devérias, and I hardly know whom else, in favor of Rowlandson. But neither can I deny that Rowlandson was an admirable artist when he left humor severely alone. I have seen drawings of women by him as graceful as any study by Reynolds or Gainsborough could be, and some of his little landscapes are full of charm. He understood economy of means as well as Phil May, though, naturally, his methods for the reproduction of his day were entirely different. But his line was as direct and expressive, and his color was obtained as simply by flat washes; and yet none of his contemporaries, not even Gainsborough, could express the character and beauty of a landscape with more intense truth and sympathy. When it came to

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humor, however, it was another thing. To be sure, he is remembered now as the great humorist, but I would cheerfully sacrifice all his caricatures and satires for one of his little landscapes or studies of figures. Some of his most famous designs are in the collection at the Leicester Gallery—designs like the "Dressing for the Masquerade" and the "Fencing at Angelo's," but they only confirm me in my estimate of him as humorist. Hogarth could see and express humor without stooping to exaggeration and gross caricature, but Rowlandson did not know how to be funny without exaggerating; his one idea of character was caricature, his one idea of fun was farce. When he would ridicule the vices and manners of his time, he fell into a corresponding grossness. His drawings abound in as vulgar and revolting passages as the writings of Smollett. This is the more irritating because he was, in his way, a greater genius than Smollett, and his genius should have saved him from follies and excesses that have not even the redeeming virtue of being strong and deadly as satire. His laughter was indulgent—he laughed not to kill, but to amuse.

With Keene the grossness disappears wholly. He was as refined in his attitude toward the types he drew—not always refined in themselves—as in his technical methods. He had a far keener eye for character than Rowlandson, and it saved him from seeing only caricature. Character, for him, had always beauty. He found it in what are usually called vulgar types, the coster and the cabby, the policeman and the waiter, the slavey, and, above all, the drunken man—just as Rembrandt found it in the Jews of Amsterdam, Velasquez in the dwarfs in the Spanish court, Hals in the jester and the fishwife. He had, too, a respect for character or beauty. He rendered it with a truth, a realism, that is beautiful in itself, not with the silly absurdity of the designer of comic valentines. And because these types were humorous as they lived, so they were humorous in his drawings. At one time it was the fashion to deny all humor to Keene because he did not invent his jokes. It was the sort of criticism to be expected in a country where, in an illustration as in a picture, nothing counts but the story. I have seen people go through an exhibition of Keenes, reading scrupulously every jest entered in the catalogue, roaring at each in turn with never a glance at the drawings on the wall, and enjoying it all enormously. But, really, it made no difference who invented Keene's jokes. His drawings would be as amusing had no legend ever been printed beneath. People used to say he chose them because he was incapable of seeing beauty in graceful form or refined features—he could not draw a beautiful woman, "a lady," they said. There are drawings of women in the collection at the Dutch Gallery that give the lie to this criticism. It was only that strong character interested him more. And not only was he a greater humorist, he was a greater draughtsman, than Rowlandson, even a greater master of line and simple means. The present exhibition is especially interesting, sharing, as it does, many of his preliminary sketches and studies with the finished designs and the engravings.

He belonged to a school of illustrators who believed that as much care and thought and study should go to the making of the smallest drawing as to the painting of the biggest picture. To him an illustration was not something to be knocked off in an odd moment—a useful pot-boiler—but a work of art, great or not according to the seriousness with which the artist devoted his talent or genius to it. There are numerous instances of this seriousness; not one, perhaps, demonstrating better what I mean than the elaborate study for one of his drunken men (the sort of subject the public probably thought he dashed off anyhow), where not only is the composition carefully sketched in, but a detailed note of the hands of the principal figure is still more carefully made on the margin. These sketches are always freer in handling than the drawings; Keene not having worked year after year for the wood-engraver in vain. He learned quickly what was best not to do if he did not wish the veriest travesty of the original design to appear on the printed page; and he was artist enough to retain, despite those restrictions, an effect of freedom that was the distinction of his work in the midst of the drawings of Du Maurier, Tenniel, Sambourne, and the others, who each had worked out a formula more or less mechanical to lighten his own and the wood-engraver's task. Still, when Keene's studies are seen with the finished designs and these with the engravings, it is realized how much was lost before his work reached the public.

Here, certainly, Phil May had the advantage. It was easier to work for "process," once its possibilities were grasped, and May recognized from the start what it could do, and what it could not. His friends now are beginning to say that too much has been made of the influence which the new mechanical processes and rapid printing had in forming his style. This is absurd; for it is really altogether to his credit that he should have been artist enough to know how to adapt his methods to the technical requirements of his art. His work loses far less in the reproduction than Keene's. As for the actual drawing, I do not think it ever quite equalled the refinement of Keene's. Besides, Keene had a sense of design, an appreciation for the essential part every detail played in the composition, that May did not even endeavor to rival. You can always see that his backgrounds, when there are any, were carefully studied, but he expressed them by shorthand; and, in most cases, the figures would be as effective and eloquent without them. Keene also used shorthand, but within broader limits. The effect of his figures often depends upon their relation to the landscape—the marvellous stretches of moorland or the simple cabbage patch—to the London or village street, to the room as full of character as the people. In his humor, too, May is less refined; his fun, like Rowlandson's, verging upon farce, his character lost in caricature, when seen side by side with Keene's—though he is never vulgar, never gross, never childish as Rowlandson was only too often.

However, the great merit of both Charles Keene and Phil May is that each, after his own fashion, could combine fine drawing with genuine humor. That is where they differ so utterly from almost all other would-be humorous draughtsmen in their own country since Hogarth. Some may have been artists—Rowlandson for one, as I have said—but then their sense of humor was primitive and naïve to the last degree. Unfortunately, the very primitiveness, the very naïveté, has always appealed to the great British public with its sneaking fancy for the amateur in art. Let a man but try to do what it is not his business to do, and, even if he fail in the endeavor, your honest Briton will applaud to the echo. For example, when the County Council band plays in the garden below my windows on summer evenings, the musicians have only to stop blowing their horns, which is their special business there, and begin singing without voices, or crowing like cocks, to drive their audience wild with delight—until I often think if they would drop their instruments altogether, and walk round the garden on their hands, their success might well make even Sarasate or Kubelik wonder. So it is with art. I do not suppose any artist of note was, for awhile, more paragraphed than the policeman of Leeds (or Bradford) who had the landscapes he painted in his leisure moments rejected at the Academy. A picture that presents any optical delusion—for instance, a Christ with eyes that open and close—will draw the town.

A certain *Punch* drawing at the time of the Fashoda excitement came more perilously near breaking the peace of Europe than all the offensive cartoons of the French draughtsmen during the Boer war. Keene and Phil May seldom touched upon politics, but in political cartoons, as in all else, their artistic reticence (half the secret of their greatness) would most likely have kept them from the extreme, on the one hand, of feeble fatuity, on the other of clumsy insult. It is no use, however, regretting the might-have-been when there is the too evident fact to face—as it is faced every week in *Punch*—that illustrators distinguished both as artists and as humorists are not made every day in England, and that no one has yet appeared who can quite take the place of either Keene or Phil May.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE TRIUMPH OF TAMMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present situation in New York, as a result of the recent election, was well summed up, many years ago, on general principles, not by a statesman or politician, but by the poet Wordsworth, as follows:

"Tho' I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning that the law
By which mankind now suffers is most just.
For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait, in hope
To see the moment when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her."

Spectator.

THE ALASKA ADJUDICATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Alaska award, as reported by cable, in the main supports the contentions of the United States. But still, in some of the less important points, the adjudication found is in favor of Canada. Consequently, the decision of the Adjudication Board—for the Joint Commission as consti-

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tuted was not a real Court of Arbitration—was a diplomatic compromise.

The chief point of contention was whether Canada should obtain an outlet upon tidewater on the Lynn Canal in the northern part of the *lisière* or thirty-mile strip. The main question is now settled against her by the opinion of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, for the award of the Adjudication Board confirms the United States in the possession of an unbroken *lisière* above the Portland Channel, which opens into the ocean at fifty-four forty, showing that the Lord Chief Justice was convinced by the overwhelming force of the evidence in favor of the United States.

Canada, considering that her pretensions were not based on sound facts, made very favorable gains by the Adjudication award. At one or two points, as on the Stikine River, for instance, the eastern frontier of the *lisière* is brought probably a little too near the sea water, all of which redounds to the advantage of Canada. At the mouth of Portland Channel, at the south end of the *lisière*, Canada obtains Pearse and Wales Islands. At first sight the possession of these islands seems of small importance. But their geographical position, immediately opposite the Canadian harbor of Port Simpson, gives them, in spite of the retention by the United States of the two small outward islands of Kannaghunut and Sitklan, an important strategic value. Port Simpson is destined to be the western terminus of the new Canadian Transcontinental Railroad. Canada, with Pearse and Wales Islands in her possession, will control the Portland Channel, and can build at Fort Simpson another naval stronghold like Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimault on the Pacific, and from it menace our developing trade across the Pacific Ocean with Alaska and Asia.

The management of the Alaska boundary contention, its submission to the Adjudication Board, and the resulting award cannot be called a real triumph for the cause of international arbitration. But, now that this dangerous frontier question is in a large measure out of the way, it is to be hoped sincerely that efforts will be made by both the United States and the Canadian Governments to bring about a commercial rapprochement between the two nations. And the sooner negotiations are carried on directly between Washington and Ottawa instead of by the roundabout and cumbersome way of Downing Street, the better—as M. Henri Bourassa, a grandson of Papineau, pointed out in a notable speech on October 23 in the Dominion Parliament—for the maintenance of cordial relations between the United States and Canada. We Americans—and by Americans are meant all those who live in the New World, from the Arctic to the Antarctic—should try to live as far as possible on friendly terms with one another, and let the nations of the Old World fight among themselves if they wish, while we sell them the implements of war, whether of food, or garments, or weapons. Estimated in dollars and cents, such a policy will pay much better than for Canada to help fight the wars of Great Britain in the Old World, or for the United States to try to draw the chestnuts out of the fire in the Orient for the benefit of European nations. Certainly, up to now, the Philippines have not been a paying investment for us; and to urge this country to invest in transoceanic wars in the name of commercial advantage is very much like advising individuals to place their money in one of the numerous South Sea Bubbles that are floating around in the industrial market. T. W. BALCH.

PHILADELPHIA, November 7, 1903.

MORTALITY STATISTICS AND THE AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent publication of Mayor Low's figures as to the lowering of the death-rate in New York last year gave rise to a discussion which leads me to ask the question, What relation is there between average mortality and average longevity? On the face of it the answer seems easy enough. Given a death-rate of twenty per thousand, year in, year out, and the average duration of life is fifty years. Thus reasons the average man, and he would be right if population were stationary. But, excepting a few countries and cities, it is not. The average age of all the dead in any one year proves nothing conclusive as to the longevity of the people in the particular locality, for the average age at death may be widely at variance both with the average longevity as based, by the process mentioned, on the death-rate per thousand, and with the average duration of life as ascertained by local medical experience. Thus, the physician's estimate of the probable duration of life of the average newborn child in New York will very likely be not far from thirty-five years, while Mayor Low's figures would seem to show an average of about fifty years. What, then, does the lowering of the death-rate of New York by, say, 2 per cent. indicate as to the average lengthening of life with which it undoubtedly is, in some ascertainable way, connected?

The subject is a puzzling one, as was admitted by an eminent physician who took part in the discussion concerning it. We know that, in estimating the average duration of life in New York and a few other American cities, due weight must be given to the constant influx of immigrants (mostly in the prime of life); but an equally important part of the problem is the question of the excess of births over deaths. Without full knowledge on these points, we can draw no conclusions from a decreasing mortality. In no department of statistics do figures so often lie while telling the truth. As an amusing illustration of this fact, I may perhaps recall the statement of the United States Census Bureau for 1870 as to the death-rate of Iowa—nine per thousand, if my memory serves me right. The figures were no doubt correct on their face, but the deduction that the average duration of life in Iowa was 111 years would have been preposterous. The simple explanation, of course, was that the sturdy young farmers (mostly newcomers from other parts of the country) who then formed the bulk of the population of the State had not yet had a chance to die; nevertheless, a sage commentator ventured on the assertion, in print, that "these figures prove Iowa to be the healthiest country in the world."

Similar, though possibly not equally glaring, mistakes will be made by the statistician who, without full consideration of the points mentioned, and perhaps of other data that may be readily supplied by your mathematical readers, draws inferences as to average longevity from recent death statistics. Without such data, the widely varying mortality figures (taken from the article "Vital Statistics" in the 'International Year-Book' for 1902) of cities like Chicago, 14.68, Montreal, 25.46, London, 18.8, and Moscow, approximately 31 per 1,000, prove practically nothing as to absolute or relative duration of life. GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1903.

SIGNOR RICCI'S SUCCESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The appointment of Sig. Corrado Ricci as director of the galleries of Florence, as well as of the National Museum (Bargello), has been officially announced. Sig. Ricci is called away from his work at Brera while it is still unfinished, at least as far as the illustrated catalogue which he had in hand is concerned; but so much has been accomplished of unusual excellence that it is earnestly to be hoped he may have a successor capable of continuing what has been begun. There is, however, reason to fear that he will be followed by a man who, so far as he has done anything at all, has heretofore given only proofs of utter incompetence for such an office. And this not in the lack of men of ability and training. The Government already has, in similar posts, men like Cantalamessa in the gallery of Venice, Supino in the Bargello, Bariola at Modena, Modigliani in the Villa Borghese, or Valeri, now inspector at Brera and author of a valuable work on Lombard art recently published; or, going outside of its employees, there is Sig. Frizzoni, whose competence in matters of art is everywhere recognized, or Diego Sant' Ambrogio, or Sig. Carrotti of the *Officio Regionale*, all in Milan, or Filangeri di Candida, who declined the directorship of the museum at Naples, from motives for which we can have only sympathy. There seems no reason which can be avowed why the choice should fall upon one incapable of continuing the work of Sig. Ricci, and who, in fact, can avoid doing harm only by doing nothing at all.—I am, sir, very sincerely yours, S. K.

P. S. The *Corriere della Sera* just received contains a note to the effect that Dr. Ricci, in leaving Milan, had put the provisional direction of the gallery of Brera in the competent hands of Sig. Valeri; and adds, on the authority of a Roman paper, that the Minister Nasi will name Prof. Sinigaglia, the person alluded to above, not as director but as "comandato," which is a military term applied to persons not in the public service and commissioned for special tasks. It remains to be seen if the word can be made to cover a more important office.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me a fatal objection to Signor Palmarini's interpretation of Titian's so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" as a representation of the same person in two different moods of mind, set forth by Miss Teresina Peck in your issue of October 15,

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that, though neither of the personages is actually speaking at the moment, the picture is evidently a conversation piece. The nude woman is making a mute appeal to the other, to whom she is beckoning with the uplifted censer, and whom she regards with intense earnestness. The draped woman is no less clearly revolving a deep thought, anxious and irresolute. Her apparent repose is but "the tempest's central calm." She is neither "cold and shy" nor "fired with love," but is passing from the former mood to the latter under the influence of her companion. It is conceivable that Titian might depict Laura Dianti in two different states of feeling in distinct compartments of the same picture, but it is inconceivable that he should bisect her. The draped woman is parleying with her soul, undoubtedly, but the colloquy passes within her own breast.

This would not prove that Laura Dianti was not Titian's model (and the conjecture would derive some countenance from the evidence that he painted her "nuda e vestita") but for Signor Gnoli's discovery, announced in your impression of July 2, that the arms depicted upon the fountain are those of a Venetian family. Had she been the subject of the picture, they would have been hers, or those of her ducal lover. In any case, the identification of the model would afford no clue to the purport of the picture. I should for my part be disposed to entitle this "Chastity and Desire." I see no necessity for regarding the undraped female as Venus, although the physical objections stated by some of your correspondents, which would be conclusive in the case of a mortal, would not apply to a goddess. It nevertheless appears to me more natural to consider the figure as simply a personification of Desire. Granting, however, that she is Venus, she appears in no connection with any episode of mythology. The identification of the draped figure with Medea is quite untenable. It is founded upon a passage in the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus, the first three lines of which sufficiently refute it:

"Ecce toro Venus improvisa resedit,
Sicut erat, mutata deam mentitaque pictis
Vestibus et magica Circen Titanida virga."

Flaccus evidently contemplates Venus's visit to Medea as paid in her chamber, but the scene of the picture is in the open air. Medea's *torus* cannot have been out of doors, and there is no *torus* in the picture. Flaccus's Venus assumes the character of Circe, and wears *pictæ vestes*. The vested figure in the picture is not the temptress, but the tempted; and where is the *magica virga?* The unclad person is younger than the clothed one, but Venus appears to Medea in the character of her aunt. It seems manifest, therefore, that Titian did not intend to illustrate the passage in Valerius Flaccus; and as the existence of this passage is the only reason for identifying the figure in the Medea, this theory falls to the ground. If Medea had been in Titian's mind, he would have intimated this by the introduction of some appropriate symbol.

There is no Paris edition of Valerius Flaccus with the date 1550 and "Sacred and Profane Love" as a frontispiece in the British Museum, nor do I find one mentioned by any bibliographer.

Mr. Andrews and I are agreed that the undraped figure represents Love in some one of its phases. His exposition is exceedingly beautiful, but I cannot reconcile it with the expression of the countenance, which he allows to be one of intense earnestness, and which appears to me to denote not wistfulness, but urgent solicitation "alluring to brighter worlds." The hesitation and conflict are in the countenance of the other woman. At the same time I must acknowledge that Mr. Andrews is at a great advantage from having continual access to the original picture.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. GARNETT.

27 TANZA ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON,
October 27, 1903.

Notes.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has undertaken, at the request of Mr. Fiske's family, to edit the Letters, Journals and Memorials of the late John Fiske; and he will be greatly obliged to any of Mr. Fiske's correspondents who will send his letters for inspection. Address No. 8 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The family of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton are preparing for the press a collection of her letters. Persons having any would confer a favor by sending them, in America, to Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, 612 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca, N. Y., and in Europe to Theodore Stanton, 9 Avenue du Trocadéro, Paris. The letters will be copied and carefully returned to their owners.

George D. Smith, 50 New Street, New York, has in hand 'American Bookbindings in the Library of Henry William Poor,' described by Henri Pène du Bois, and illustrated in gold-leaf and colors by Edward Bierstadt. The book will be manufactured in a limited edition at the Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y.

Fresh announcements from the Macmillan Co. are 'The Opening of the Mississippi,' by Frederic Austin Ogg, and 'My Devon Year,' by Eden Philpotts.

'Under the Hill, and Other Essays in Prose and Verse,' including his table-talk, by Aubrey Beardsley, with numerous illustrations, is promised by John Lane.

An independent essay, entitled 'Optimism,' by Helen Keller, and 'Travels in Europe and America,' by Charles E. Bolton, are in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Nearly ready are 'The Engineer in South Africa,' by Stafford Ransome; 'Liquid Fuel and its Combustion,' by W. H. Booth; 'The Motor Pocket-book,' by Mervyn O'Gorman and Cozens-Hardy, and 'Canada in the 20th Century,' by A. G. Bradley, which E. P. Dutton & Co. are preparing.

'Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations,' by Charles Hemstreet, and 'Infection and Immunity,' by Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, are to be looked for from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

James Pott & Co. are about to bring out 'Budapest, the City of the Magyars,' by F. Berkeley Smith.

Of the late John Fiske's 'Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America' we spoke at length some three years ago. The work has, after the manner of its predecessors, been beautifully reissued in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with illustrations that seldom even approach being trivial, and are for the most part examples for imitation by all publishers. There is a wealth of authentic portraiture, with facsimiles of autographs and other MSS., of charters, early title-pages, early maps, early views (of New York in especial), adding immensely to the understanding of the period and the narrative. Much of this pictorial apparatus is new. Peter Stuyvesant's face greets one who opens the first volume, William Penn's the second. The binding is in wine-colored cloth; the print leaves nothing to be desired, and the inserted cuts have imposed no gloss on the paper.

The Century Co. brings out fresh, holiday editions of John Luther Long's 'Madame Butterfly' and of Alice Hegan Rice's humorous little tales; 'Lovey Mary' and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' The Japanese illustrations for Mr. Long's novel are by C. Yarnall Abbott, and are happily conceived and skilfully drawn in tint, though the faces of the women are somewhat Europeanized in expression. All the plates are full-page, and harmonize well with a generous typography. The illustrations for the companion stories just named are somewhat in the vein of Phiz, inclusive of coloring, and are well in keeping with the text. The type is bold, but not equally to our taste with that employed in 'Madame Butterfly.'

A new edition of that pictorial guide-book, 'The Shakespeare Country Illustrated,' by John Leyland (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains two new chapters on the Washington and the Franklin "countries." It thus appeals to Americans, and, so far as photography can give it interest, little but praise is due. The genealogical matter is not entirely correct, and even Franklin's own researches into his family history are overlooked. Proper credit is given to Mr. Henry F. Waters for his discoveries in the Washington family record. The connection between reading-matter and illustrations is necessarily slight. The maps are excellent, and, in a more convenient form, the book would make an admirable companion for a visit to these places.

For a reprint of the Boston edition of John Dickinson's 'Letters from a Farmer' Mr. R. T. H. Halsey furnishes a judicious preface, in which the great popularity the letters attained is outlined, and a formidable gastronomic tribute eaten in his honor described, with toasts beyond the endurance of ordinary mortals. Mr. Halsey has also reproduced a very rare contemporary portrait of Dickinson, of which nothing is known; and the charming Duesbury statuette in porcelain of Mrs. Macauley, whose democratic leanings led her to sympathize warmly with the American colonies. The volume is very beautifully printed, and is published by the Outlook Company.

Henry Ospovat's pen-and-ink drawings for Browning's 'Men and Women,' one of the Dent-Dutton "Miranda Series," are very inefficient in conveying the suggestions of beauty of the poems. They have neither the directness which comes from grace of line, nor the mastery of light and shade which makes decoration, nor have they the redeeming merits of invention or poetic feeling, or beauty. The defective drawing is everywhere noticeable in the figures; the rough pen-and-ink cross-hatchings fail to express the modelling of faces and hands, while the human form is not to be found beneath the loose, ill-fitting gar-

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ments more like coal sacks than men's coats. "Old Pictures in Florence" and "Mesmerism" are striking examples of slovenly execution and of the abuse of intense black. The headpieces are of far better quality than the full-page illustrations; the little head in "Women and Roses" shows that Mr. Ospovat can draw a pleasing face when not preoccupied with the intention of being forcible. The type and general presentment of the volume are good, but, to make satisfactory pen-and-ink illustrations, more mastery of the material and a greater knowledge of drawing are necessary than Mr. Ospovat possesses at present.

The short essays on 'Some Arts and Crafts' written by women specialists for Dutton's "Woman's Library" will be found of use to the uninitiated desiring to choose a craft. They vary very much in interest, as also in literary quality. Miss Elinor Hallé's article on the art of enamelling is by far the best in the volume; it shows none of the feminine aptitude for digression, but gives a short history of enamelling and its uses in the past, and what is necessary to equip a would-be follower of the art. Miss Hallé insists on the necessity of long artistic training in drawing and design before anything worth while can be accomplished in ornamentation of any kind. May Crommelin's history of French and English Furniture from Henri II. of France to the Victorian epoch in England is the most important contribution, and very instructive in its account of the gradual development of each prevailing style of decoration. She also offers suggestions for modern house-furnishing, and advice to those who wish to devote themselves professionally to that work. All she says is so much to the point that one can only regret the florid, ejaculatory style in which it is given. Spinning, weaving, bookbinding, wood carving, and photographic portraiture are the subjects under consideration. The illustrations are fairly good.

Volume three of 'Critical Essays of Charles Lamb,' edited by William Macdonald (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), forms part of a twelve-volume edition of Lamb's complete works, and contains about half the non-Elian essays, handsomely printed, sufficiently annotated, and illustrated with numerous but indifferent plates. The statement in the preface that the editor had divined from certain cryptic passages in the essays that Lamb had made a proposal of marriage to Miss Kelly and been rejected, and that while his note to that effect was in the printer's hands Lamb's original letter containing the proposal was found by another person, affords a curious instance of literary penetration.

The moral drawn by Mr. Cleveland Moffett himself from his vivid descriptions of 'Careers of Danger and Daring' (The Century Co.) is that the average man could cultivate, by exercise, the habit of courage to such an extent as to be able to keep his head in a lion's cage or on the steeple of Trinity Church or on the girders of the East River Bridge. Most readers will scarcely be convinced. They will rather —and perhaps this result is quite as wholesome—regard with a new admiration and sympathy those who risk their lives in their daily task, especially when some public end is to be served. One of the chapters, on "The River Pilot," mentions incidentally a fact not generally known respecting the attempted relief of Gordon. The Canadian *voyageurs* employed by Lord Wolseley declare, it seems, that Khartum might have been saved if they had been trusted to bring the army up the Nile cataracts without being delayed for a test of their skill.

The counsels given to young men by Dr. William Mathews in 'Conquering Success' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) remind one of Samuel Smiles rather than of P. G. Hamerton (whose name the author misspells). But although most of them are obvious, the abundance of illustration by which they are relieved saves them from dulness. Nor is Dr. Mathews open to the charge, which might perhaps be suspected from the title of the book, of preaching a mere vulgar gospel of "getting on." To become a great captain of industry is not exalted here as the ideal of a successful life. There is not, however, an altogether satisfactory sense of proportion in the writer's grouping of famous persons. It is something of a shock to find R. L. Stevenson and Andrew D. Mellick, jr., bracketed as instances of perseverance under ill health, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox immediately following G. H. Lewes to show that a literary career may begin with rejected manuscripts. The transition from the energy of A. T. Stewart in building up his Broadway store to that of Sir T. F. Buxton as anti-slavery leader in Parliament is also somewhat abrupt. A few repetitions should have been corrected. It becomes tiring when one is assured for the third time within a hundred pages that *vivida vis animi* is one of the secrets of success.

'Ferns,' an illustrated manual for the Northeastern States, by Campbell E. Waters, Ph.D. (Henry Holt & Co.), is for amateurs, and is a substantial addition to the pretty copious fern library prepared for general readers. It possesses, besides, a good deal of interest for the professional botanist on account of an analytical key of novel character. The key itself is ingenious, but it has been found in some cases a little hard to work. An artificial analytical key has been called a pick-lock, and, like all pick-locks, requires a fair degree of familiarity with the wards in order to open the bolt. The text is well written and chatty, and, as a whole, interesting. It is, however, for the house, and not for the field, since it is printed in a volume of about four pounds' weight. The paper and typography are of a degree of excellence which makes the heavy book too fine for excursions and almost too handsome for the study table. But Dr. Waters doubtless desired to have a good setting for his exquisite photographic reproductions. A few of these plates are among the best of their kind, while all of them are, perhaps, as good as the subjects permitted. The chapter on Fern-photography, which closes the work, indicates that the author has devoted much loving care to this part of his task.

What with Mr. J. W. Davidson's recent encyclopædic work, 'The Island of Formosa,' and the three volumes that have issued from the pen of the scholarly Scottish missionary, the Rev. William Campbell of the English Presbyterian Mission at Tainan city, in Formosa, this island is now an easy subject of study, for the accessible literature concerning it is exact and voluminous. 'Formosa under the Dutch, Described from Contemporary Records,' is a portly octavo of 629 pages, printed at the Edinburgh University Press (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.). On the cover is stamped the golden sixteen-petalled imperial chrysanthemum, showing that this island, land of the morning-glory and blue bamboo, is now an integral part of the Japanese Empire. Mr. Campbell, besides being a delver in the Dutch mine, has made himself familiar also with the stores of Chinese and Japanese books relating to Formosa. Recent visits to Holland have enabled him to complete his work, for the Dutch of late years have been putting in order their archives of missions in the Far East. His book is divided into three parts, the first of which treats of topography, anthropology, and history of the Dutch trade. The story of the Dutch missions and of religion is very full. No fewer than 270 pages are given to the Holland correspondence and documents. Part III. treats of the conquest of the island under Koxinga. In an appendix pretty much all the learning in the old books relating to the island, as found in European authors, is gathered up in orderly arrangement. The explanatory notes represent many years of patient labor. In our age it seems strange that, amid so much effort for the "salvation" of the Formosan people, such things as torture and slavery existed, while it is a hopeful sign that under the Japanese, despite popular report to the contrary, the really responsible officials in the island have no sympathy with a course of procedure that in any way countenances judicial torture. Altogether this volume is highly creditable to the scholarship and patient research of the compiler. An excellent index opens the treasures contained between its covers, making it worthy of an honored place in the historical library.

W. E. Curtis's 'Denmark, Norway and Sweden' (Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co.) is a heavy volume of 505 pages, with 77 illustrations, containing the letters written by the author during the summer of 1901 to the Chicago *Record-Herald*. The title is slightly misleading, as only 65 pages are devoted to an account of Copenhagen and its immediate surroundings, while the bulk of the volume includes descriptions of all the principal towns and many of the country districts of the other two Scandinavian lands. Mr. Curtis has shown his accustomed skill in selecting interesting topics about the men and institutions of the North, and he relates them in a chatty, frankly non-literary manner. Many of the statements are marred by the inaccuracy of the traveller at the mercy of interpreters, and the frequently quoted foreign words and names are not always correct. In general, however, the proof-reading is remarkably good, and the proportion of mistakes is hardly larger than may be found in many more serious works. The reference in the frontispiece to the "late Queen Sophie" is probably due to confusion with the Queen of Denmark, and the title "Queen Ingeborg" under another portrait is evidently a slip, as is also the reference on the first page to the same princess as Charlotte. Most of the author's mistakes result from his overfondness for statistical and biographical details. Mr. Curtis evidently understands the taste of his democratic readers, for a generous space is devoted to the dif-

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ferent members of the two royal families. Some of the stories about the Royal Danes tax severely the credulity of the patient reader. Here, however, as elsewhere, the treatment is markedly sympathetic. The details of contemporary Scandinavian politics are wisely avoided, and the author disarms criticism by the modest manner in which he refers to his own opinions upon the literature. The illustrations deserve special mention for their interest and beauty. The index of three pages is fairly adequate and accurate.

The tenth Bulletin issued by the Department of State at Washington is based upon certain Jefferson MSS. obtained from the Library of Congress in 1897, and hence not included in the calendars of the Jefferson papers printed in 1894. The material is very miscellaneous, and ranges from an interleaved diary to notes on scraps of paper, undated and unsigned; from anonymous letters of advice to printed price-lists of household wares. The series of Dumas, Dearborn, Madison, and Robert Smith letters contain much of public interest, while that of Page is strong on the personal side. An index of the three Jefferson calendars is added.

The cosmopolitan character of the German universities appears from the fact that, out of the 37,813 matriculated students, there are, according to the computation of the *Strassburger-Post*, no fewer than 2,731 foreign, or 7.2 per cent. of the total contingent. Comparison shows a slight proportional increase in the past decade (fourtenths of one per cent.). Distribution among the universities is very uneven; Berlin, Leipzig, and Heidelberg, where as many as 15 per cent. of the student body are non-Germans, being the favorites. Berlin reports 876 foreigners, Heidelberg 197, Leipzig 406. Bonn, which formerly was much frequented by outlanders, now has only 2.6 per cent. of them, and Rostock and Münster have only a dozen. Russia leads with 860 students, followed by Austria-Hungary with 536, America with 276, Switzerland with 253, England with 149, Asia with 133 (mostly Japanese), Bulgaria with 67, Rumania with 63, Greece with 56, Italy, the Netherlands, and Servia each with 45, Turkey with 36, Sweden and Norway with 32, Luxemburg with 27. The total number of Europeans is 2,299, of non-Europeans 432. The foreign element in the universities is considerably smaller than it is in the technical institutes.

We welcome anew 'Meyers Historisch-Geographischer Kalender,' for 1904, from Leipzig and Vienna by way of Lemcke & Buechner, New York. The original scheme of this instructive calendar is preserved, and old prints jostle with new (mostly photographic) as before. A novel feature is a table showing the latitude of the chief towns of Germany, and the difference between the local time and middle-European time.

—President Eliot's paper on "The School" easily takes the lead in importance among the various contributions to the November *Atlantic*. It is not the unbalanced theorizing of the doctrinaire that one finds here, but the application of sound common sense to the problems of elementary education, as those problems have presented themselves to the writer in the course of a long and ever alert career as an educator. The possibility of harmonizing the utilitarian and the humane, within certain limits; the advantages which may be gained by bringing the child into contact with other children and adults outside its home environment; the power of the school, by reflex action, to improve the home surroundings of its pupils; the development in children of the power of complete mental absorption in the work in hand; the cultivation in unison of the somewhat antagonistic habits of reading and observation; the training of the reasoning faculty, and the strengthening of the will-force, are the leading points discussed. For either parent or teacher it is an extremely suggestive discussion, and should by no means be missed. Sir Leslie Stephen's third chapter deals with his journalistic career. Apart from the first-hand information as to the review-writing of the time, the paper will be appreciated for the delightful vein (or, rather, flood) of humor which runs through it. One thinks of Lowell as he reads. In discussing the relative standing of the magazine and the book form of publication, Sir Leslie says that we seem to be reversing the order of the past: "The presumption is coming to be that an author publishes in book shape because he cannot get admission to a magazine." Brooks Adams reminds us again that we must kill somebody and do it quickly if we are to have any future. "Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing." Our present duty, as seen through his gory glasses, is to seize upon the ore deposits of China, lest Russia and Germany form a coalition, absorb Northern China and South America respectively, and suffocate us in the fumes of Russo-Germanic blast-furnaces.

—The workers in science are spurred on so strongly by their fascinating task of finding out new things, that they seldom snatch a moment to set forth afresh a consecutive view of the course of development of a given line of thought. That has been done, however, by way of exception, by Mr. Frank Allen in the *Physical Review*, for the subject of theories of color; and a curious procession of kaleidoscopic vagaries of the human intellect it makes—probably it would be hard to find another better exemplification of the weakness of the human mind. By holding fast to a sound building-stone contributed here and there, a few not too tottering structures have at last been built; of these each stands a menace to the others. The "grand confusion" on which all thinkers shipwrecked for many years was the failure to make any distinction between subjective sensation and objective cause of sensation. Newton not only made to the subject the important contribution involved in his separating objective ether-rays into a continuous band of gradually changing refrangibility, but also laid down this great principle—a foundation-stone for all psychology—on the subjective side: "The rays of light, to speak properly, are not colored; in them is nothing else than a certain power and disposition to stir up a sensation of this or that color." These words will appear in letters of gold when the final history of science is written.

—The current number of the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the last report of the excavations of Mr. Macalister at Gezer. Primitive rock-cut caves, representing, perhaps, an aboriginal pre-Semitic sanctuary, together with a large, rock-cut pool of unusual character, are reported and described. There have been no other striking "finds" and no important inscriptions. A note on the lamp and bowl deposits found under walls of the early Canaanite and Israelite periods is interesting. Mr. Macalister thinks that he can trace the following evolution in the "foundation rite" represented by these curious deposits. Originally, at the erection of a building, an infant was built into the wall alive, as a sacrifice. Of this there is no evidence from Gezer, but only the argument of analogy from the customs of other countries and races. In the next stage the child victim was killed and the body placed in a jar, which was set under or built into the wall. Of this there are evident traces. In the third stage pottery vessels, perhaps containing food for the victim, were placed with the jar. In the fourth stage, while the act of sacrifice continues, it is also symbolized by the use of a lamp and a bowl or bowls, the latter probably containing blood or grape juice. In the last stage, the one the evidences of which have been most frequently discovered, the human victim is omitted, but the symbols retained. Egyptian objects continue to be found in large numbers in all strata of the excavations, so that it is clear that Egypt was "dominant over Gezer throughout its history, as no other foreign nation seems to have been." Incidentally Mr. Macalister points out that this tends to refute the theory, now supported by Cheyne and others, which would make the Mizraim mentioned in the Old Testament (for instance, Solomon married the daughter of the King of Mizraim, who captured Gezer from the Philistines and gave it to her as her marriage portion), and the Musri, of the Assyrian inscriptions, generally, if not always, not Egypt, but a country in northern Arabia. Professor Porter of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut gives the text and translation of another short Phœnician inscription from the Temple of Eshmun, at Sidon, slightly different, he thinks, from those hitherto reported, containing the name of the new king, Sadukyaton or Zedekyaton. This new name rather increases the difficulty of finding a proper space for the Eshmunazar dynasty at "any time subsequent to the days of Nebuchadrezzar so as to accord with the known facts in the history of Phœnicia."

—In the last number of *Mittheilungen und Nachrichten des Deutschen Palaestina Vereins*, Dr. Dalman, head of the new German Evangelical Archæological Institute in Jerusalem, reports, under the title "Epigraphisches und Pseudepigraphisches," some curious forgeries, the more important of which seem to be left over from the activities of Shapira and his school. One is a sarcophagus, now in a cellar-like vault under a house on the Mount of Olives. On the cover is sculptured a mailed head with close-cropped, full beard, a crown on the forehead, apparently a representation of a king or prince of the crusading period. Accompanying this is an inscription, in old Hebrew characters, borrowed for the most part from the Siloah inscription. Evidently an original, plain sarcophagus of a common type had been recut and then inscribed by antiquity forgers. This particular work suggests the Shapira frauds in the labor and expense involved in its preparation. A gran-

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ite fragment of a column, said to have been brought from the east of the Jordan, contains a twelve-line inscription resembling in its details one of the fraudulent inscriptions of the same school. Fraudulent antiquities of another description illustrate the present activity of antiquity forgers in Palestine, who find a market for their wares among the ignorant and gullible pilgrims and travellers from this and other countries.

—The bilingual 'report' for 1902-03, in Japanese and English, of the Imperial Library of Japan, formerly the Tokio Library, just issued, shows that the growth of the library since its formation in 1878 was steady and continuous until 1884. After a sinking spell for two years, there was a steady increase of books accumulated, issued, and read. Mr. Tanaka, the librarian, was trained at Cornell University, and had experience in other American libraries. The report shows a total of 211,283 volumes, classed under eight heads, of which 168,098 are Chinese and Japanese, and 43,285 are European and American. The majority of readers select literature and language, history, biography, geography, and travels, under two heads, but the greatest number in a single field are those in mathematics, science, and medicine. Theology comes last, and philosophy and education are penultimate. Fiction does not seem to be included in this library. An addendum in a still later publication shows that there was in March, 1903, a total of 401,419 volumes, and that, accommodations in the premises of the museum controlled by the Department of Education being judged inadequate, work on a new library building has been started. In other parts of the empire, after the oldest in Kioto, followed by the two in Osaka (one of which is very handsomely housed), there are, in addition to libraries of a private, corporate, circulating, or itinerant nature, 42 of a public nature, containing 217,813 volumes, making a grand total of 619,232 volumes, one-tenth of which are in European languages. Though free libraries are as yet few, there is a constant increase of use and interest in loaned books as shown by the statistics set forth this year. The number of books published in 1901 was 18,998, of which 18,963 were original works and only 35 translations. In the previous decade the annual number of publications averaged over 20,000, but translations were then much more numerous. Now translation, reduced almost to the vanishing-point in quantity, has vastly improved in quality. In a word, the era of making collections of books for free public use in Japan has begun, and the day of purely private ownership, Government or monastery seclusion, is over.

—The interest in 'Adventures of an Army Nurse' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) lies in its being a transcript of experience; and its value consists in the comparison of hospital work in our Civil and the Franco-German wars made at the time by a participant in both. The diary and letters reveal Mrs. von Olnhausen, of Massachusetts birth and ancestry notwithstanding her name by marriage, as a vigorous, narrow-minded, assertive woman with a great heart and supreme energy, who gradually developed some breadth of view, and, after considerable stress, generally had her own way, which seems to have been for the patients' good. The record confirms what many remember, that "Miss Dix's nurses" were assigned and detached quite independently of the medical authorities; that most of the women who went into the hospitals had had no other than domestic experience with sickness and none with wounds; that many of the detailed attendants had little interest in the duty and less in the patients; that the overworked and newly created staff was often handicapped by lack of organization; and that the hospitals nearest the field frequently were overcrowded. Abroad, Mrs. von Olnhausen had for the French as individuals only contempt, and for the German military hospitals disapprobation. "The most demoralized soldiers (not even excepting the Southerners after the war was over) that I have ever seen are these Frenchmen —dirty, ragged, haggard, miserable-looking fellows. . . . Such women and men as one sees in the fields cannot bear heroes" (p. 275). "I went to visit two [German] hospitals she has under her care, and no words can tell about them. In our most disorganized days in our worst field hospitals I saw nothing like it. The beds were abominable, the patients dirty, and, it seemed to me, in every way uncomfortable. The rooms were not even *ill*-ventilated" (p. 224). The volume is the outspoken record of a rural Yankee with no respect for authority, for precedent, or for other usages than her own, but with an overwhelming desire to *do* things, and a great sympathy for those in physical and other distress.

—Mr. Jack London has discovered a mysterious and unknown country, has penetrated it, and has come out alive. The problem of reaching it baffled even Thos. Cook & Son, of whom he inquired before starting, but there was no "impossible" in his dictionary, so here we have, in 'The People of the Abyss' (Macmillan), the story of his explorations in that hitherto unreported region. With an air that might become a Stanley or a Landor he now tells us all, and more than all, about—the East End of London! Sir Walter Besant, from the knowledge of a lifetime, was most impressed by the monotony of the East End; Mr. Jack London, having investigated it "in the summer of 1902," describes it as Dante might have described his Inferno if he had been a yellow journalist. And from his sojourn east of Aldgate he has also learnt that "whatever is true of London in the way of poverty and degradation is true of all England." So terrible is the condition of things that "there are forty millions of the English folk, and 939 out of every 1,000 of them die in poverty, while a constant army of eight millions struggles on the ragged edge of starvation." Mr. London's statistics must have been obtained by the same process as some of his photographs. In spite of such figures, he sees for the English "a broad and smiling future" so far as "manhood and womanhood and health and happiness" go. This reform is to be won by throwing upon the scrap heap "a great deal of the political machinery which at present mismanages for them." But if any penitent Briton should ask what he must do to be saved, the writer has no suggestion to offer except that the 400,000 English gentlemen recorded in the census as of no occupation should be set to work ploughing game preserves and planting potatoes. Mr. London would have shown himself more practical by drafting a bill for that purpose and publishing it as an appendix. It is earnestly to be hoped that he may never come to hear of the bread line on Broadway, or the sweatshops of Chicago, or the child labor of the South. Heaven only knows what article of the Constitution would then be safe from amendment.

—At last, apparently, we have that heretofore 'Unpublished Essay of Edwards on the Trinity,' about which we have had so many hints and so much discussion along the course of half a century. Bushnell had heard of it in 1851 and demanded its publication. In 1880 Dr. Holmes charged the custodians of the Edwards MS. with the suppression of an essay that was heretical "in the direction of Arianism or Sabellianism." In 1885 Professor Stowe wrote as having examined an unpublished essay of remarkable interest. We thought we had it when, also in 1885, Prof. E. C. Smyth published Edwards's 'Observations concerning the Scripture Economy of the Trinity and the Covenant of Redemption.' It was very disappointing, and it wasn't the real thing. Of this we had had actual intimation in two articles by Professor Park in 1881. He had had the lost book of Edwards, and it had vanished in a manner over which Professor Fisher of Yale University hangs a tolerably transparent veil. Later it was recovered and deciphered, and it is now handsomely published (Charles Scribner's Sons), "with Remarks on Edwards and his Theology," by Professor Fisher. Instead of being heretical, it is more orthodox than New England orthodoxy has been generally since Edwards's time. It is certainly more Athanasian. It is Professor Fisher's opinion that the essay was withheld because of its prophetic accusation of the later New England theologians as tri-theists. They meant to be orthodox, but they did not know what orthodoxy was, and suspected Edwards of heresy when he was more orthodox than they, holding a doctrine of tri-personality which was not tri-theistic. It is interesting that Bushnell, could he have unearthed the essay, would have found it departing from the current orthodoxy on the same side with his own opinions. Orthodox or heterodox, it is a singularly juiceless, dry, and gritty piece of work. It is not even faintly representative of Edwards's better mind as exhibited in his 'Nature of True Virtue.' It is a great relief to pass from it to Professor Fisher's excellent "Remarks," which abound in nice discriminations and are particularly admirable for their account of Edwards's influence on later theologians. To have Edwards commended by such late fruit as that which grew on Channing's trees, is a less singular performance now than it would have been some fifty years since.

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. In three volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Mr. Morley's biography is an effective eulogy as well as a vivid portrait, and of this the reader will not in the least complain. As recent lives have occasionally reminded us, a biography by a friend and follower not frankly colored by friendship

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and loyalty is sure to be bad. Nor has Mr. Morley made the preponderance of politics excessive, though he speaks of the "gap" made in these pages by the absence of any detailed account of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman. For the world at large, the interest of the subject is purely political. On the other hand, Mr. Morley gives full weight to the fact that Mr. Gladstone's temperament was essentially religious. He was not merely a great parliamentary, and later a great popular leader, but, as Lord Salisbury said, "a great Christian." His career must be studied as that of a Christian statesman. "He not only accepted the doctrines of that faith as he believed them to be held by his own communion: he sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities of it to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations." This devout son of the Church was filled from the first with a genuinely evangelical if not Puritan zeal. "May God use me as a vessel for his own purposes," he cries out at the age of twenty-two. He desired ardently to take orders that he might help to redeem his fellows from the pit of sin. His prayers remind Mr. Morley of Milton. At Oxford he was imbuing himself with the principles of Toryism and ecclesiasticism, but he was neither a Tory nor a Churchman at heart. The contrast between the early Gladstone who entered Parliament in 1832 as the protégé of the Duke of Newcastle, the apologist for slavery and the enemy of the ballot and electoral reform—he says himself that he saw "a certain element of Antichrist in the Reform Act" (I., 182)—and the Gladstone of the later nineteenth century has been often dwelt upon; Mr. Morley makes it clear that his early political opinions were accidental. Oxford had tended, he said in his old age, to "hide from him the great fact that liberty is a great and precious gift of God"; but he was even then laying the foundations of a liberal career, for Oxford had given him "a single-minded and passionate love of truth"; truth, however, rather moral than intellectual, the self-devotion to an ever-living and ever-present God, leading to what used to be called "vital religion," and consecrating the young Tory to a work of which he and his early admirers little dreamed. On his pilgrimage he was as sure to gain the adhesion of men like Bright as he was to earn the derision of cynics like Disraeli, and fail to secure the fidelity of demagogues like Chamberlain.

Mr. Morley's chapter on Mr. Gladstone's characteristics as a young man is full of illustrations of the fundamental simplicity of his character. Two or three points are of unusual interest. In the first place, nothing has been so urged against his sincerity as his wonderful feats in reconciling his own changes of opinion or attitude with one another. Mr. Morley admits the weakness, but points out that it was connected with his profound belief in the necessity of consistency. Even a verbal or logical consistency was better than none at all. This was extremely irritating, but deceived neither friend nor foe. It was Mr. Gladstone's one absurdity, the absurdity of a very serious-minded man. Again, though he had extraordinary force and activity of mind, he had no intellectual or scientific curiosity, no desire to explore new fields of thought. His four "doctors" were Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler; his source of inspiration was the Bible; on occasions of "sharp pressure or trial," "some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings," and he gives in perfect good faith several of these verses, though it is impossible to detect any significance in connection between the verse and the occasion.

Nearly half the first volume is occupied with the period from the time when Mr. Gladstone, at the age of twenty-three (1832), entered Parliament, to the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846. As a member of the House of Commons and of Sir Robert Peel's Government, he served his apprenticeship at the business which he called that of "working the institutions of his country." The Duke of Newcastle gave him his seat for Newark, but exacted no pledges. The tone of the House was then, far more than it is now, that of "the best club in London." The press was quiet and decent, public opinion was that of the intellectual and governing classes; family connections and social standing counted for everything, and bad manners were the unpardonable sin. So far from members of Parliament keeping their "ears to the ground," as we say, or asking for what is now called in English political life a "mandate," attempts to influence Parliament by monster meetings and public clamor were discountenanced. A member was to be a true representative, but never a delegate; in so far as he yielded to noise and pressure, he showed himself unequal to his task. Mr. Gladstone evidently resented the existence of the Anti-Corn Law League as an ungentlemanly organization. Cobden's great offence in the House was that he imputed bad motives to his opponents, that his tone was "harsh."

There is plenty of evidence, during this period, of Mr. Gladstone's conscientiousness. The opium war with China he denounced in the House; on the tariff he gradually became, like Peel himself, an enlightened reformer; he retired from the ministry on account of the Maynooth grant; in the proceedings at Oxford against Ward he voted against the condemnation of the book, and when Pusey was condemned for preaching heresy, he signed a protest; in the Lady Hewley case he voted for a measure confirming Unitarian titles, against which Anglican influence was arrayed. At the same time he characteristically supported the very grant which led to his retirement from the Ministry, and wholly failed to make his attitude intelligible.

At the outset the reader perceives that he is dealing with an intellectual giant. The best proof of it is not the number of hours he was able to devote to work (though what we hear of this is startling enough), but the fact that, without the least preparation in the way of a business or legal education, he was suddenly able to make himself recognized, not only by the country at large, but by the interests affected, as a master of economic legislation, knowing more about manufactures than the manufacturer, and more about imports than the importer. What is at least equally remarkable is that while he showed at once this extraordinary mastery of public business, it was combined with an equal capacity in private affairs. In 1839, at the age of thirty, he married, and, through his marriage, became involved in the affairs of the Hawarden property, which he converted by years of labor from what threatened to be a wreck into a prosperous estate.

Between the time of the repeal of the corn laws and the Crimean war, Peel died, the old Tory party dwindled to a remnant, and Palmerston became the most important man in the government. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone aroused Europe to the horrors of Italy's enslavement by the publication of his letters to Lord Aberdeen, but his impulse was humanity, not politics. His prepossessions were still in favor of the European system established at the end of the Napoleonic wars, and the cry of "nationality" did not appeal to him. It was the cry of suffering prisoners tortured for opinion's sake that he heard. In the Crimean war, on the other hand, there were no Poerios or Panizzis to be liberated, and the consideration which seems to have affected his mind most decisively was that Russia was an offender against "the public law of Europe." It was only very far-sighted liberals like Bright and Cobden who perceived that the war was a reactionary struggle, destined to retard progress, futile so far as English interests were concerned, and effective only in bolstering up the doomed throne of Louis Napoleon and the decaying fabric of the Turkish Empire. At this time Mr. Gladstone was no Liberal, as we understand the word, but a Peelite statesman, engaged, in a Coalition ministry, in "working the institutions of his country." It is as a financier and economist chiefly that, during these years, he shines. His brilliant entry into and occupation of this field is now familiar history, but it was not at all anticipated either by his colleagues or by himself. His first budget he has himself described as "the most complicated scheme ever submitted to Parliament." It was opened to the Cabinet (on the question of legacy-duties that body was entirely against him) in a speech of three hours; that is, it was a question at first whether it could ever come before the House at all. At its close, to quote Lord Aberdeen, "we were all convinced." Its author had made the Chancellorship of the Exchequer the second post in the Government, and laid down the principles which were to guide English finance and taxation to the present day, and which bid fair to remain his great permanent monument for all time.

Of Mr. Gladstone's political career from the date of the Crimean war to his acceptance of office under Lord Palmerston, it is difficult to speak summarily. Step by step, in Mr. Morley's voluminous record, it marks the path of a conscientious Conservative driven by the pressure of conscience and his own leadership into a new and strange position. Those who are inclined to doubt his sincerity will find it difficult to account for the fact that, whenever an abuse was to be attacked, he attacked it, and that he never gave a sign of allowing his interest to determine his opinions. Sitting for Oxford, he reformed the Universities, although he at first denounced the proposal for an inquiry, and afterwards made his usual vain attempt to reconcile one position with the other. He was one of the earliest public men to insist on an open civil service, and carried what we now call in the United States the "merit system" through the Cabinet in 1854, against the opposition of Lord John Russell; who objected to it that it would make

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the institutions of England "as nearly republican as possible," and that "the new spirit of the public offices would not be loyalty, but republicanism." The great Whig families like the Russells regarded patronage exactly as the great Tories did, indeed possibly with greater jealousy. An open civil service threatened their power just as an open civil service in the United States to-day threatens the "organization" and the "bosses" who control it. In finance Gladstone insisted from the first that war loans could be justified only by necessity, and were economically an abuse. When the question of the Suez Canal came up, and Lord Palmerston denounced it as a bubble, and as tending to dismember the empire by opening a passage between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean which would be at the command of other nations, Mr. Gladstone defended the project, as in the interest both of England and of mankind, with as much enlightenment as any disciple of the Manchester School could have done.

Mr. Morley devotes a separate book of sixteen chapters to the period between the Italian Revolution and 1868, when Mr. Gladstone became, at the end of his sixtieth year, Prime Minister. While it is impossible to fix an exact date at which the old European order, established after Waterloo, came to an end, after the rise of a united Italy it was seen to have disappeared. In the next forty years the forces of modern society, so long held in check, were to change completely the face of the world. The demands of nationality and democracy were to prevail; Italy, Germany, and France were to be recreated; slavery was to perish in its last strongholds; the "Balance of Power" was to disappear into the limbo of dead political devices. That Mr. Gladstone was destined to play a leading part in this great drama was not clear till much later. According to Mr. Morley, it was not till after 1863 that any extraordinary change began to be visible in him; and if the change in Europe be dated from the Italian Revolution, we should be inclined, on the evidence of these volumes, to connect the change in Mr. Gladstone with the discovery of his mistake about the American war. Mr. Morley shows conclusively that Mr. Gladstone was neither a sympathizer with the South as a slave power, nor hostile to the Union on the Tory theory that the success of the South would benefit England. But the language in which, in 1896, he recorded his opinion of his blunder in proclaiming, in 1862, that Jefferson Davis and the other Southern leaders had "made a nation" (coming from a Cabinet Minister this was supposed at the time to mean that England was about to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, and led Mr. Adams to talk of packing up), shows the deep impression made on his mind by the whole affair. His defeat at Oxford in 1865 had also a most important effect on his later career. His connection with Oxford, according to Lord Palmerston, had had the effect of keeping him "partially muzzled" down to that time. Let him go elsewhere, he added, and "he will run wild"; he did go elsewhere, and no doubt Lord Palmerston would have considered his subsequent political life as very "wild." When he was sent for by the Queen to form his first Government, he exclaimed, "My mission is to pacify Ireland." Mr. Gladstone's sole great rival was now Disraeli; but Disraeli was impotent to do anything but alternately oppose and help on the work in which Mr. Gladstone was engaged.

Mr. Gladstone remained in power till 1874 This is the period of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the first Irish Land Act, the abolition of Purchase, the Franco-German war, the downfall of the Third Empire, the Black Sea negotiations, and the Geneva arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims. Mr. Morley is so anxious to shield Mr. Gladstone's memory from the charge of indifference to the interests of the Crown that he represents him as standing "sentry over the interests, whether profound and enduring or trivial and fleeting, of the ancient monarchy of this kingdom." This is stretching a constitutional fiction to its extremest limits. He brought to its ripest perfection the system of Cabinet government; the ministers, nominally selected by the Crown, becoming really agents of Parliament. This modern régime—government by a changing committee of the House of Commons—bid fair, in the hands of a powerful minister like Gladstone, to reduce the Crown to a nullity, especially as it was reinforced by the theory, pretty nearly established in practice, that the House of Lords was not to block legislation once resolved upon by the lower House. The old ministers had been courtiers, who had had the skill to make the Queen seem to herself a great ruler. Mr. Gladstone was a poor courtier, and an enthusiast for a new order in which she seemed to play a more and more insignificant part. The pacification of Ireland meant more agrarian legislation; his foreign policy of neutrality, peace, avoidance of entangling alliances (not unlike that established a century before for the United States by Washington), would reduce to a minimum the power of the Crown in European affairs. Nor was it only with the Queen that Mr. Gladstone was sowing the seeds of unpopularity. It is difficult for us who have no established Church to estimate the bitterness engendered by his Irish Church measures; the abolition of Purchase alienated the classes from which the services were recruited; the *Alabama* arbitration was regarded as a "surrender"; a peaceful foreign policy brought no glory, and it was impossible to sympathize with a man who preferred morality to colonies and conquests. Disraeli, always keen to see the defects in his opponent's armor, and already perceiving the value of Imperialism as a cry, denounced his rival as an apostle of "disintegration."

Mr. Gladstone's abdication of the leadership when the Conservatives came in in 1874, produced a kind of party anarchy. Lord Hartington succeeded him in the House, but he could not fill his place, for the Liberal party had come to mean Mr. Gladstone himself and his vast popular following. It was he who forced the liberation of Bulgaria into the settlement of the Berlin Congress; it was he who, in the Midlothian campaign, showed that a wide popular suffrage had begun to undermine even the power and prestige of Parliament itself. When, in 1880, the Conservatives were beaten, and the Queen sent for Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, those leaders were forced to tell her that the only man in England who could form and carry on a Liberal government was Mr. Gladstone. At the time of this recall he was seventy-one years of age, and felt his strength to be declining. But his ascendency was at its height, and, surprising as it may now seem, he thought, in assuming the reins again, that he could look forward to a period of quiet and orderly constitutional change.

Throughout his whole ministry he was involved in storms and threatened with shipwreck on every side. His new measures —a new Irish land law and a wide extension of the suffrage—had not, like the earlier repeal of the corn laws and electoral reform, the effect of solidifying his power. They seemed to bring him rather enemies than friends. The disruption of the Liberal party, of which this ministry was the opening chapter, was not retarded by any late change in Mr. Gladstone himself. His traits deepened and hardened, his habits of mind and action were confirmed by long success. Liberalism had been above all things a régime of measures. For fifty years he had solved all questions by a plan of legislation settled in advance. His task had been to strike off one by one the shackles imposed by privilege on trade and commerce, on political rights, freedom of religion; in foreign affairs, legislation being out of the question, his policy had been one of non-intervention and good will—that is, of a very simple principle or rule of national action, corresponding abroad with the system which underlay Liberalism at home. During all this time he had neglected another side of politics. In 1885 we find him saying, "I have never looked much, in Irish matters, at negotiation or the conciliation of leaders." Not only in Irish matters, but in all others, it was foreign to his temper to look at anything but "the measure in itself" (III., 198). But politics is only half measures and principles. The other half is just that negotiation and conciliation of leaders, to say nothing of actual intrigue, which to Mr. Gladstone was distasteful and impossible. In his old age, at every turn, we find that while he still sticks to measures and principles, they have ceased to play the same part in the public eye. The work of securing them has been done, a new generation is thinking of other things; the temper of the time has become such as to make the road to power one for a man endowed with opposite qualities to tread. Mr. Gladstone was a great orator, a great legislator, and a great finance minister, but he was not a great negotiator or administrator of imperial business. In foreign affairs, always so theatrical as they strike the attention of the domestic audience, this great master of the rhetorical arts—this great actor, as his enemies would have called him—did not know how to "take the stage." It is easy to imagine Disraeli or Palmerston making a great deal of capital out of Odo Russell's threat of war against Russia, or the Sultan's offer of Egypt to England; neither caused Mr. Gladstone anything but embarrassment. He got all the blame for Majuba and for Gordon's death. At home he angered the Queen, he had to part company with Bright, found his match in Parnell, frightened the House of Lords and the Church, and began to be looked upon in many quarters as a leader of assassins and dynamiters. Some of this odium a man of the world would have managed to escape. To make matters worse, he had an explanation for everything.

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Mr. Morley, in dealing with the last twelve years of Mr. Gladstone's life, goes into great detail. This is the period of the author's Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, and the bitter warfare which, first ending in Mr. Parnell's destruction and the Irish disruption, finally terminated in the defeat of Home Rule and the consolidation of the power of the new Conservative party formed by the union of the Liberal-Unionists with the Tories. This part of the book is necessarily more partisan in tone than the earlier portions; it can hardly be said that the biographer gives us both sides. We perceive Mr. Gladstone more and more a target of obloquy, and more and more deserted by old and tried friends—men poles asunder on subjects other than this one fatal difference, like the Marquis of Hartington and John Bright; but we are not sufficiently let into their confidences. This was a revolutionary period—a time of crime and violence, wholesale arrests and imprisonment, conspiracies and assassinations, and it is too much to ask of one of the actors in it absolute historical impartiality. But, on the whole, this part of the narrative is rather negatively than positively defective. Biographically it is a complete picture of the consistent end of an extraordinary career. It was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to retrace his steps or to stop. He had become the leader of a great democratizing movement, and, had he lived longer after failing to carry Home Rule, he would certainly have next attacked the House of Lords, or any other line of defence which blocked his path. As long as his strength lasted, he was as nearly irresistible as any man has ever become under free institutions, and time has yet to show whether even in the settlement of the Irish question he was not merely in advance of his time.

To attempt a parallel between him and other public men of the Victorian age is not easy, for at one or more points he surpassed them all. As a parliamentarian and party leader, his only rival was Disraeli; but Disraeli in finance, business, or constructive legislation counted for nothing. Palmerston was his superior in knowledge of the world and of men, and in what has been called a kind of inspired consciousness; but at every other point his inferior. Lord John Russell and Lord Derby were not men of his stature; Cobden had not upon his shoulders the government of an empire. Peel's career in a certain sense foreshadowed his own, but Peel had not his range. Gladstone had a literal mind, and at bottom a simple character, but his power as legislator to devise and as orator to persuade, his courage and ardor, his range of emotion and enthusiasm, his variety, his industry, his mastery, are such as to fill us with continual surprise. A sustained eulogy, such as Mr. Morley's, is apt to suggest a doubt whether the picture is not merely the glorified portrait of a friend and worshipper; but, before we close the book, the doubt has been dissipated by the marvellous facts of the career itself. We have read the life of a man too great to be completely measured and understood by his own age.

RECENT POETRY.

We observe that the London correspondents of American literary journals take pains to vindicate the British public from having grown indifferent to Kipling. It does not seem to occur to these correspondents that the very fact of their offering defence shows clearly some need of it. Ten years ago no such correspondence was needed; ten years ago the publication of a Kipling volume was an unquestioned literary event. Can any one look through the newspapers or watch the booksellers' counters and say that it is now such an event? At that time, moreover, of all charges that could be brought against Kipling the most impossible would be that of dulness, but it is hard to turn the leaves of 'The Five Nations' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) without an ominous foreshadowing of that calamity. We find him, for instance, employing tiresome repetends, as where, in "Buddha at Kamakura," there are twelve successive four-line verses each ending with "Kamakura." He has mere mouthing and big words, as in "The Old Men" (p. 50). Where the lurid or wordy qualities disappear, we have songs with choruses which strike the ear as tediously as in "South Africa." So marked are these qualities throughout the book that when the calm and noble lines of the "Recessional" are found at the end, it seems as if they must be the work of some other author pasted into the volume. Two or three of the poems at most retain the old, vigorous touch, as seen in the "The Bell Buoy" (p. 4). In this, in "The Destroyers" and the "White Horses," we seem to recognize the former Kipling.

That the race of meek and reverential Kiplingites has not passed by, is evident from the 'Ventures into Verse' by Henry Louis Mencken (Baltimore: Marshall, Beek & Gordon). The author inscribes his book on the first page "To R. K." as "Prophet of brawn and bravery!" and becomes sufficiently Anglicized himself to imitate his hero with such verses as this (p. 14):

THE ORF'CER BOY.

"He was a gran' bhoy!"—*Mulvaney.*

Now 'e aren't got no whiskers
An' 'e's only five foot 'igh,
(All the same 'e is a' orf'cer hof the Queen!)
Oh, 'is voice is like a loidy's
An' 'e's so polite an' shy!
(All the same 'e serves 'Er Majesty the Queen!)

To show, however, that the sway of Kipling over our younger poets is clearly waning, we note the following in a volume from one of our latest California bards, 'Of Both Worlds,' by Herman Scheffauer (San Francisco: Robertson) (p. 110):

RUDYARD KIPLING.

False to the poet's purpose high, in vain
Craves he admittance to their golden fane,—
Juggler and jongleur, whose vulgarian muse
Roars from her narrow heart her rank abuse!
Who never Beauty knew and never Wit,
Who beats the drums for Truth—while beating it.
Renown shall with a sponge erase his name
Where on her walls he chalked it—to their shame.

Mr. Yeats, in the volume called 'In the Seven Woods' (Macmillan), also reaches the reader a little less, we fancy, than in its predecessors. It is curious how, as even writers of genius multiply their works, they are apt to turn us back more and more to some single note which touches the heart more than all its ambitious predecessors, as if, for instance, Kipling were to live to be mainly associated with Mandalay and Yeats with Inisfree.

If we suggest some apparent decline in power to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Yeats, we cannot attribute the same decay to Joaquin Miller's 'As It Was in the Beginning' (San Francisco: Robertson), for there was not in him so much material for decaying. This oddly shaped book presents in brief his version into poetry of President Roosevelt's sentiments on the subject of large families. Passing by the cheap voluptuousness of his tale, we confine ourselves to a brief sample of one of his more purely descriptive passages (p. 33):

"Again the swirling pool was gone,
Again the boat swept on, swept on,
That moon was as a thousand moons!
Two dead men swirled, one swept, one sank—
Two wolves, two owls, two yelling loons,
Three lank, black wolves along the bank
That watched the drowned men swirl or sink,
Three screeching loons along the brink—
That moon disputing with the dawn
That dared the yellow, mad Yukon!"

The gifts and the melancholy life of Mr. Henley are recalled by his 'Song of Speed' (London: David Nutt). It has been called by Mr. William Archer "an imperishable utterance," and at any rate it puts into existence and, we might say, into motion the most wonderful invention of the times. Alas, that this poet's passage through life was as swift and powerful and almost as wayward and uncertain as the vast engine he describes (pp. 24-27):

"Hence the *Mercédes!*
Look at her. Shapeless?
Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
Yes; but the strength
Of some seventy-five horses,
Seventy-five puissant
Superb fellow-creatures
Is summed and contained
In her pipes and cylinders.
Mind after mind,
On fire with discovery,
Filled full with the fruits
Of an hundred fat years,
And mad with the dreams
And desires of To-day,
Have toiled themselves dull
To achieve her components.
She can stop in a foot's length;
She steers, as it were,
With a hair you might pluck
From your Mistress's nape;

. . . . . .

And she runs down the birds
(You can catch them like flies
As, poor wretches, they race from you!);
Ay, and becomes,
As the Spirit and Mind
Of God's nearest approach
To Himself hath so willed it,
The Angel of Speed—
Speed in the Laugh of the Lord."

Those who remember John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish-American poet, and the absolutely loyal way in which he flung himself into American life, will be glad to receive a volume, 'My Candles, and Other Poems,' by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, his eldest daughter (Boston: Lee & Shepard). It is rarely that a young poet, printing a first volume, concentrates so much strength into six lines as does Miss O'Reilly into the close of her title poem, which opens the book:

"Once in a seaport on the coast of France
I found a tranquil church, time-scarred and gray,
High on a hill, a beacon to the bay;
I saw a rough lad reverently advance,
Drop his small coin, and, with an upward glance
At the dim altar, light his candle. Yea,
Amid the wild storm of the ocean spray
This token had been vowed against mischance.

" 'O Faith!' I cried, 'Thou art a wondrous thing!'
Forthwith I lighted candles that were mine—
Tapers of trust in purpose, kindness, youth;
Now, when the beating waves or still calms bring
Discouragement, I bend before the shrine
Of the dead mighty ones who strove for Truth."

Many pages of the volume are given to delightful passages of foreign travel, of which this is one of the most graceful (p. 33):

THE PRIVILEGED HOUR.

Up Lustleigh Cleave I went one summer eve,
And as I climbed I met a child at play,
Of whom I asked, "What is a cleave?"
Then through that pleasant Devon way,
Through uplands strewn with giant stone,
With granite boulders rent and overthrown,
She guided me.
"Some one up there," she said,
And heavenward went her eyes in childhood's vague surmise,
"I think he scattered something here,"
I answered, "Mere rough rocks, I fear."
Perplexed, but confident, she shook her head:
"Oh—not rocks then!" she chided me.
Thou never failing mystery
In which a child can wrap this earth

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From doubt, from chill of unbelief, this earth
Of grievous death, of ever-hopeful birth!

'Visions, and Other Verse,' by Edward Robeson Taylor (San Francisco: Robertson), is the work of a man well known for his varied labors, being at the same time dean of a law college and vice-president of a medical college, and finding time to translate a most difficult poet, Heredia. Besides all this, he has printed his translation in three different editions, each showing much labor in the way of correction and remoulding. The constant labor over these sonnets has perhaps given him too much tendency to sonnet writing, in this following the perilous example of Lloyd Mifflin, to whom he dedicates this volume. We like better some of his shortest poems condensed into a single profound thought; for example (p. 11):

IMAGINATION.

How insignificantly small we seem;
Yet marvellous times there are
When every sense in sublimated dream
Wings on from star to star;
Ah, then all principalities are ours,
And we, immortals with Herculean powers.

No poet, whether large or small, has more reason to complain of his publishers than Robert Loveman, author of 'The Gates of Silence, with Interludes of Song' (Lippincott). His poems are, as usual, almost wholly in eight lines, with little homœopathic pellets of modest truth visible in each poem. To take a page at random (p. 16):

"Poor rambling, shambling soul of mine,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
When thou dost unto death resign
This happy habitat of clay,

"In high conclave, at feasts divine,
Will legions leap to heed thy nod?
Or, doomed to darkness, wilt thou whine,
A beggar at the gates of God?"

To these the publishers add a page of circulars in which the author is successively compared by different and amiable critics to Wordsworth, Tennyson, Poe, Aldrich, and Henley; and his poems collectively to roses in midsummer, and to wandering stars in the deeps of heaven. Mr. Loveman may, for all this, be a modest and simple-hearted man, and we wish him a less flattering environment when he next publishes.

Prof. Charlton M. Lewis, in 'Gawayne and the Green Knight' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), reverts to the old practice of telling a tale of chivalry in cheery couplets like those on which Keats would sometimes unbend himself. Barring the rhyming of "unequal" with "sequel," "want" with "menthe," "laurel" with "moral," "of" with "love," and the like, his poem is a pleasant contribution to academic literature. 'Idle Hour Flights,' by Robert D. Burnie (London: Gay & Bird), aims at preserving Welsh romances, and has a few attractive Welsh landscapes by way of illustration, along with some bold innovations in grammar. He calls attention to poems by the late Mrs. Key-Blunt, stated to be the widow of an American officer, and daughter of the composer of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The two recent poetic volumes which appear to have most of that quality of "Concealed Mystery" which our visitor, Mr. Yeats, regards as the highest, are both women, and both hitherto unknown to us—the one English, the other American. From Ethel Clifford's 'Songs of Dreams' (Lane) we take "Cain's Song" (p. 125):

Lo, I am matched with Jehovah. Life of his giving
Have I destroyed and made vain. Cold and apart,
Abel lies dead in his grave while I, Cain, am living.
Warm, with the blood in my veins and desire in my heart.

Outcast am I: but the earth, fertile and kindly,
Stretches beneath me. The sun sets in the West,
Golden and red, and I see it, while Abel sleeps blindly,
Deaf to the rain, and I hear it. Lord, which is best?

Branded am I: but the deer, russet and sable,
Still are for quarry. And I hunt not in vain.
Mine is the triumph of storm and the gladness of rain, but Abel,
Nothing he knows though his face is upturned to the rain.

Cursed am I: but the night has mysterious giving
Of dreams, and day lights fires that burn in the east and west.
Thy favored one lies in his grave and I, thine accursed, am living,
Quick in the wonder of earth and the sunlight:
Lord, which is best?

The other volume is 'The Eastward Road' (James Pott & Co.), by Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, from which we quote the title poem (p. 35):

"Let us go on along the eastern way.
Behind us flares the sunset's gold and rose,
Before us, in the dusk that no man knows,
The level high-road stretches straight and gray.
Let us go on to meet the moon's first ray
Above the eastward path that twilight shows;
Let us go on apast the moon, till glows
Across the eastern hills another day.

Though, through the dark, mad shapes go scurrying by—
Reason and Rapine, Power and Unrest,
Kingdoms unburied, empires yet unborn—
While the night wind blows cool across the sky,
While man's ambition struggles toward the west,
Let us ride on through moonlight into morn.

'Poems,' by Marie Van Vorst (Dodd, Mead & Co.), apparently the first volume of a young authoress, also shows more genuine power than most books of its class. "The Song of the Wheat," the leading poem, has a good deal of originality, and strength of passion is well exemplified in the sonnet called "Excommunicate" (p. 115):

I do not find an altar, or a priest,
Nor any sacred, still confessional;
Masses and vespers, I must shun them all,
Tho' every belfry bid me to the feast!
I may not wear the cross upon my breast,
Nor make its sign; or in repentance fall
Before the niched saint. In canticle
I must not chant one frail blurred note, or least.

For my religion is my joy and shame;
My priest, my altar, canticle, and mass
Art thou! and lest thou hear my creed, and know—
Shouldst hear me sing my love, or pray thy name—
Unshriven with my burden I must go;
Proud, excommunicate, I pagan pass!

'The Round Rabbit, and Other Child Verse,' by Agnes Lee (Boston: Small), is a really charming little book, which quite suggests Stevenson's 'Child's Garden' in its pretty and graceful trifles for children's recitations. It has also a few good illustrations. Such, for instance, is that of a cheerful old man and his daughter, interviewing a little girl of the Kate Greenaway description, who thus performs her services as guide (p. 80):

THE CITY GUIDE.

What garden's that? With pleasure, sir!
The very garden where
The mad dog ran, that grocer's cur,
That gave us such a scare.

This street? The prettiest street in town.
Aunt Mary lives on this,
And Baby Prue walks up and down,
And never goes amiss.

The name? I don't remember; but
Why need a small girl know?
I'm sure it's where I found the nut
And lost my bonnet's bow.

I'm glad I've helped you, traveller!
No matter what they say,
A city's very simple, sir,
When once you know the way!

'Between the Lights,' by Alice Herbert (John Lane), is a tragic little book, of which the "Joyous Suicide" is one of the less saddening and crushing poems, and it may be well to quote the only verses written, apparently, in a sunshiny moment (p. 19):

"FEW PASSIONS CAN OUTLIVE A LITTLE SONG."

When Memory comes teasing you,
Trying to break your heart,
Telling of things that used to be,
And how you bore a part,
The safest Lethe you can drink
(You'll never find it wrong)
Is just the little drop of ink
That makes a little song.

When waking nights are heavy things
And Spring nights hard to bear;
When every bird that sees you sings
A melancholy air:
Then never dream and stray about
And shut your eyes and long.
But take a pen and work it out,
And make a little song.

Though every smile, however sweet,
Should make you sigh "If only . . . !"
And all the throng of passing feet
Should leave you more than lonely:
Though all your cry be "Come again!
The empty days are long,"
Perhaps you'll hardly find the pain
Outlive a little song!

'Lyrics and Sonnets, Second Series,' by Thomas McKie (Edinburgh: David Douglas), has the same qualities which marked the first series, a sympathetic sweetness, with a tinge of commonplace, and also the charm always given to even mediocre Scotch poetry by the proper names, which lend such attraction to the lines by their association. In 'The Ministry of Love,' by Irene Abbott (Crane: Topeka), the author speaks of having consecrated her life to the rescue work; and poetry written with this intent must no doubt be cheering to the author herself, if to no others.

If Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's 'Tales in Metre, and Other Poems' (Cooke) impresses us a little less than his previous volumes, it may be because they are printed in a little less atractive form and take their names less from the painter's art, but they are certainly above the average in execution. 'The Overture,' by Joseph Russell Taylor (Houghton), is made pleasing by the names of those who furnish this overture, and becomes attractive by the preponderance of birds and butterflies. There is little that is of human interest in it.

The author of 'Some Rejected Verse,' William D. Washburn, jr., (Knickerbocker Press), shows good reason in his pages for the rejection, but none whatever for the word "verse." None of the pieces are in any recognized metre, not even blank verse, and one of them, "Wherefore," is at best in Whitmanesque. Some of them are dated at Minneapolis, some at Chicago, others in Eastern cities, and they belong to the large class of so-called poems which are no poems. 'Sonnets and Lyrics,' by Katrina Trask (Boston: Badger), are perhaps strongest in neither of these departments, but in a series of striking short verses labelled "Contrasts," *e. g.* (p. 95):

A man and woman, steeped in ecstacy,
Murmur, 'mid kisses, "Merciful is fate!"'

Far off, one—who has set that woman free—
Dies lonely; and a maid waits, desolate.

'Songs from the Hearts of Women,' by Nicholas Smith (Chicago: McClurg), suggests the English origin of its compiler, not so much in the larger space given to the work of English women as in his apparent ignorance of the two most gifted women poets in this country, Emily Dickinson and Helen Jackson, both of whom wrote poems of profounder religious feeling and more inspiration than three-quarters of those authors whom he quotes. Their poems, if not always intended for hymns, needed much

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less modification for that purpose than was administered to many in this collection by those competent editors to whose "changes" Mr. Smith refers in his preface.

Of recent dramatic poems, 'El Dorado; A Tragedy,' by Ridgely Torrence (Lane), must be pronounced a little too prolix, and the anonymous, attractive and graceful 'Mors et Victoria' (Longmans) not quite prolix enough. Alfred Austin's 'Flodden Field: A Tragedy' (Harpers) is a shade stronger than the average quality of his numerous works, but seems to leave the poet laureate's seat still unoccupied. 'Hephæstus, Persephone at Enna, and Sappho in Leucadia,' by Arthur Stringer (Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House), is well and thoughtfully executed, but rather meditative than dramatic in its tone.

Valentine Brown, author of 'The Chieftain and Satires,' (Portland, Oregon), apologizes for the abrupt termination of his satire called "The Pilgrims," on the reasonable ground that "the author at this time was taken with the grippe, and, under the influence of quinine, Alastor and Azrael refused to answer any more interrogatories"—a fact which is to be placed to the credit of those imaginary powers. 'The City of Is, and Other Poems,' by Frederic Milton Willis (San Francisco: Mercury Press) is a little book which, although inscribed to "California the beautiful, California the potentially, surpassingly intellectual and spiritual," might rather be inscribed farther back to the potent and sometimes very mischievous spirit of Poe. This inheritance shows itself in the very title, and still farther in poems like "Through the Valley of Nil" (p. 23):

Life smiled on the lovely Child
And led him with delicate finger-tips
Into the Valley of Nil;
And, kissing his voluted finger-tips,
Quickened his inchoate will.

He shrank from the peopling blank—
Turned back toward the glittering spangles
Of love-living light on the Hill
Just out of the tortuous tangles
Of the solaric Valley of Nil.

But the gradient, paved with irradiant,
Vacuous violet light,
Had shrunk to a slender rill
Of fluctuant spirit, to the sight
Of the Child in the Valley of Nil.

Somewhat remote from Poe, and inspired, perhaps, by the ambition to offer to younger poets a perilous example, is the following, in which both the rhythm, the structure, and the doctrine, whatever it may be, may fairly claim to be the author's own (pp. 74, 75):

What through the fiercely surging tidal impulse
of the underlying, turbid source
of incarnating and evolving soul,
a sea of germic frenzy,
Aspire vandalically—leap like fiend
of direst evil on the quiet soul—
lash it in a devilish rage—and then,
insatiate, lick with rabid passion-tongues
the lambent empyrean spirit-fire;—
Cannot the gentle flame insinuate,
with soft persistence, its fine, dividing and
disintegrating angles—nullify
by essence-comminution all the fury
of the limbic and matricial sea—
and, timeless, spaceless, pulse with purest light,
in primal legislative glory?

With this rather hopeless specimen of crossbreeding between poetry and prose, we may leave for the present the subject of Recent Poetry.

RECENT FICTION.

The Ultimate Moment. By William R. Lighton. Harper & Brothers. 1903.

The Daughter of a Magnate. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Pa Gladden: The Story of a Common Man. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. The Century Co. 1903.

The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl. D. Appleton & Co.

The Beaten Path. By Richard Lawrence Makin. The Macmillan Co.

A Master Hand. By Richard Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Pine Grove House. By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the "Lost Water." By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

'The Ultimate Moment' is a study of the social and political life of Omaha, Nebraska. It is written with some bitterness and much energy of denunciation, as though the writer, having been compelled to live in this enterprising town, had determined to save others from the experience:

"At its best, Omaha is not a beautiful city. It is only a big, sprawling, swaggering example of what the Middle West has done along the line of crass 'enterprise'—overgrown, arrogant, extravagantly boastful over matters not worth boasting about, while forgetful of most of those things in which a city should take a reasoning pride; vain of its show of wealth, . . . vain of its miles of streets, without stopping to reflect upon the deeper meanings of a street; vain of its hundred thousand people, without greatly caring what their character and power of service may be. It is a town that, from the day of its birth, has never set for itself any worthy civic ideal. . . . Could anything be more artificial or more abjectly silly than to set about building a metropolitan city in the middle of these farms? A marketplace—that's all the farmers need here right now. They're supporting seventy thousand useless people just for the sake of being in the fashion and having a metropolis."

The politicians of Omaha to whom we are introduced are much like other corrupt politicians, East and West, but there seems to be some hope for the Omaha mob which is held back from a lynching by the hero of the tale, unarmed and single-handed, and presently melts away before an appeal to order and decency. David Boughton (the hero) leaves his farm for the tense life and ambitions of Omaha, and begins to read law in the office of one of the city's lawyers; there are three hundred of these, but no justice to be had in Omaha, according to Mr. Lighton. It must be a wearing life, to judge from the atmosphere of uncontrolable emotion which the hero encounters. This is how the sub-heroine receives her father's announcement of his political ambitions:

"She was trembling; her face had taken on an ashen pallor, save for two burning flecks of red in her cheeks; her eyes were feverishly brilliant. 'Good-night,' she said; and with that she was gone."

This is how her father receives a rather timid request for his daughter's hand:

"Watson sat dumfounded, his lips parted, his eyes staring. For many seconds not a nerve moved. The blood fled from his face, leaving it overcast with a gray pallor, then came surging back in a full red flood, swelling the veins into cords and bringing big drops of sweat to his forehead."

No wonder the hero is easily reconciled to returning to his farm and abandoning his ambitions for a brilliant career in Omaha. If the farm life of Nebraska is half as charming as Mr. Lighton's description of it, it is a sort of Western Arcadia, which, after all, owes much of its prosperity to the existence of the market town that he condemns.

'The Daughter of a Magnate' is a great improvement on Mr. Spearman's last novel, 'Dr. Bryson,' because, though it is fully as technical, there is nothing morbid or pathological about it. The author has Mr. Kipling's gift for getting up a subject and making the lay reader feel the romance of machinery for the expert. As usual, in novels of this type the love story is a mere thread, a concession to the conventions of fiction. It is typical of the New Romance that the heart of the heiress is won, not by feats of arms, but by triumphs of engineering on the mountain division of a Western railroad. From her father's private car she sees with her own eyes the disastrous chances, not of encounters with the insolent foe, but of washouts and blizzards, experiences fully as moving as those the tale of which enchanted Desdemona. The hero is a rising young engineer who, in the discharge of his dangerous duties, breaks both arms and two ribs and blows himself up with a dynamite blast, all in quick succession; one must use one's expert knowledge of surgery, so abused in 'Dr. Bryson.' Nothing east of Pittsburg is even hinted at in 'The Daughter of a Magnate.' It is a romance of the West, of flooded roadbeds and delayed fruit trains, and the awful responsibilities of the train-dispatcher who has forgotten the "special" that contains the heroine. But it is true romance, a romance of stern adventures from which one might cut out the love story and sacrifice nothing; the hero's adventures with an engine in a blizzard being far more thrilling, especially when he encounters a flock of frozen sheep, than any incident of his wooing. Mr. Kipling is the acknowledged master of this style of writing, but Mr. Spearman has the advantage of a simpler and less crowded vocabulary, and leaves the impression of out-of-doors rather than of the engine room. The novel of action without a hint of psychology is not to be despised in the day of modern fiction that neither entertains nor lets one into the secrets of a great craft.

The late Mrs. Waltz's 'Pa Gladden' is a series of short stories, or rather sketches, of country life which derive a sort of unity from the personality of Asahel Gladden, a childless farmer whose shrewdness and large heart make him the friend and benefactor of the whole countryside. The country described seems to be that of the Ohio Valley, but the people and their ways would be as much at home in New England as in the Southwest. In spite of the dialect, there is something attractive about these sketches of a homely life and its tragedies; the latter are numerous and varied enough to give full scope to Pa Gladden's philanthropy.

'The Law of Life' is a story of a coeducational university not a thousand miles from New York in a city called Sparta. A ravine, waterfalls, bridges crossing the gorge, pine forests, and a stream creeping through the valley to join a lake are prominent factors, even actors, in the scenery. Thus he who reads, though running, may infer from this foot the identity of the Hercules. First to notice in the story is the homage laid at the feet of Alma Mater from the point of worship of one who smiles

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at undergraduate crudities of enthusiasm, only to dwell the more intensely on the deep, adoring affection of professors and graduate students. The college is the real heroine of the story, fought, bled, and sighed for by her lovers, male and female. The masculine lovers have been better differentiated than the women. The President, courteous and steely, composed of soft and hard qualities, together with "the something that makes him Dr. Hunt"; the mathematical professor, emerging from his calculations only long enough to marry; the boyish professor of chemistry with his genius for friendship; Waring, the hero, ex-war correspondent and journalist, chivalrous knight to Alma Mater and all ladies, are drawn with entire definiteness. Far less so the women, in spite of their much too much described gowns and their varying teacups and house furnishings. The reader has to stop to think whether it is Allaire, Perdita, Helena, or Mrs. Maturin who is speaking, even though to one has been assigned the part of inconsolable widow and to another that of invincible maiden. There is one unusual trait about them, however: the traditional cat is conspicuously absent. There is only one woman who thinks or says feline amenities, and even hers are hardly more than those of a kitten with an assertive sense of its birthright. Co-education is seen to have made all men and women kindly. Every interest and every standard is intensely modern. Petty jealousies have yielded to the higher education; great ones, in their clashing, use no mediæval weapons. Barbara does not even think of eloping from her husband (guilty of nothing but old age and mathematical absorption) with the man to whom she really "belongs," but is strongly tempted to "take the clean, straight course—to be divorced from him and marry his friend." That this clean, straight course is relinquished will be a matter of gratification to the reader, who will further wish that something less vague than "instinct" had made Barbara decide upon her conduct. That, too, is modern, and partakes of the modern novel's trend, whereof the motto is, "Please omit ideals of conduct." Opportunity or habit determines everything. It remains to be glad when opportunities are innocuous and habits good. In the present book every moral issue is met with indeterminateness—the great present-day novel's personal equation. Even the professor who is martyrized because he opposes the gift of wrongly acquired money, slips into his martyrdom by a sort of fluke, at the last. Kind hearts in fiction have grown to be more not only than coronets, but than simple faith.

The mixed motive, however, as we all know, is one of Nature's ironies, and in this book is compounded with much high thinking into an interesting story. In the main it is well told. There is an excess of detail, and there are some annoying uses of pet words which are degraded by such treatment into mere slang. One is "challenging," which appears at every turn, achieved by eyes, ears, tongues, in tragedy and comedy, for better and (still oftener) for worse. A young man's desire to cheer a season of gloom with a Platonic flirtation is called "a sudden longing for iridescence." At the same time coeducation does not deter even the President from the misuse of his wills and shalls, nor the widow from "fixing" a cup of tea. As for the use and abuse of the dash, the pages look like the old-fashioned telegraph language, and read like asthma. On the other hand, there occur such epigrams as this: "To the provincialism of the higher culture she opposed the cosmopolitan feminine."

The heroine of 'The Beaten Path' has far more reason than Barbara for wishing to leave her husband, but looks higher and farther than to instinct for a guide, and may therefore be considered a more valuable witness in the case of "Divorce versus Fidelity." The story deals with conditions of the Labor Movement as modern as those of Coeducational Universities, while its manner is in respiting contrast to the impressionistic style on one side and the over-elaborated on the other. Its leisurely air, as removed from rush as from stagnation, is almost old-fashioned, bringing up memories of the English school of novels which produced Mrs. Gaskell and culminated in George Eliot. 'The Beaten Path' has not the captivating interest of the one, certainly not the sustained philosophy of the other, but it deals with labor agitations and with humanity's complex frailties in a spirit worthy of both, although on a more modest level and under the more dingy light of a later industrial development. "Sweet commentary on the times we live in," says the hero; "questions of right, questions of decent fairness, of simplest justice, put on the shelf, while we fight for the fundamental principle of civilization." The actors in the play, even those who work for good, are of widely differing creeds and ideals. Here is a rector to whom the church is a living force and the only one that avails to save; here a workman preacher with "the enraptured devotional loyalty of a servant to a beloved Master"; here a man of intellect and means giving his service to what he finds "within his soul and tests in the crucible of his own brain." The powers of darkness have their varying shades and shapes as well, embracing the political trimmer, the conscienceless promoter, the shady attorney, the domestic deceiver. There is small allowance of poetic justice. The reader must rest content with seeing the ravelled ends left dangling as in real life, while the characters cling desperately to their standards. While this cannot be quarrelled with on the ground of improbability, it serves, with the attendant quality of diffuseness, to make the book fail by a narrow margin of being a rarely good novel. Even as it stands, with every drawback noted, it is a story of unusual sincerity and clarity, told in unusually sincere and clear English.

Mr. Dallas's way of telling a story is very good. If an undue reverence for the blessed word "whom" has led him here and there to murder grammar, his treatment of murder is gentlemanly and tactful. His story is of assassination and mystery in New York twenty years ago, with disagreeables reduced to the lowest terms. The object-lesson is the ever-captivating one of the untrustworthiness of circumstantial evidence except, as the author judicially remarks, "when such evidence is conclusive." It would be crime to reveal the secrets of the case, but 'The Master Hand' is sure to please lovers of a detective story that shall not unduly harrow while it will strongly interest, being founded in possibilities and built up with ingenuity.

'The Pine Grove House' has the merit of an original background. This is a vulgar boarding-house in the country near New York, with its winter patrons and its summer ones, and a third estate added in the all-the-year-round aristocracy of the neighboring villages. Miss Hall's opening sketch of this dreary resort and all her picturings of its manners and practices are excellently dismal. The story, however, is fidgety in both construction and expression. The characters are better planned than executed. The patrician girl is too nice to be so unduly prostrated by her surroundings; the patrician hero too debonair to be so melodramatically demonstrative of his entire indifference to sordidness, so patronizing of the sordidly imprisoned fair, whether he is telling her he deeply respects her, or snubbing the rich village aristocrats who snub her, as in a duke-and-governess novel. The movement fusses with exits and entrances like the stage directions for a farce, and the language catches the infection. We offer a specimen: "To Amy came, as grievous in a measure, the realization that this she felt at sight of Helen was akin to the stir of that midsummer dream from which (there was the point) she had awakened." It is not all as bad as this. Some things are well put, as in the case of the old lady who "did like to be muched," and in the characterization of "the slightly contentious and rather disquieted type of much American aristocracy." The story is harmless, quite harmless, and every girl who reads it will want to know how it comes out.

'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' is not an undersized clergyman, in spite of the anticipations raised by the title. He is a boy with a sheep dog: one who lived on the river Kingdom Come; one who was descended from the earliest settlers of Kentucky, and whose destiny was to fight for freedom as his ancestors had done before him. No one writes of Kentucky better than Mr. Fox. He forces one to take to heart the lineage of that pioneer race who, after the Revolution, found their way into the mountains from Virginia. He invests the Blue Grass Country with a charm which makes for the time a Kentuckian of every reader. As local history and geography, nothing could be better. His story dallies by the way, but is full of a touching interest. When it comes to the civil war, there is a splendidly effective showing of the unique position held by Kentucky, with its divided opinion, its varying occupancy, its Home Guards and State Guards, its guerrillas and provost marshals. The very phrase, "Blue Grass Yankees," is a volume of war history. Those who remember the war, those who forget and those who never knew it should read this book, and will cherish it, being forewarned that the story occasionally gets in the way, that several of the characters are entirely conventional, and the hero himself only too highly endowed. He alone, when a mite of a boy, observes the schoolmaster's love affair; he alone with his little dog can round up the old farmer's sheep; he it is who proves the dog's innocence, on an occasion of sheep murder, by knowledge transcending that of judge and jury; he can give the major points on shooting, and is to the Bluegrass boys an example of horsemanship. Girls refuse officers for him, colonels smile on him, Gen. Grant wants him.

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It is a tribute to the essential charm of the portrait that with all his perfections he is easily lovable even to the reader. We must expect the familiar girl type of Southern story. Here she is, beautiful and brave, insulting and cajoling, with no variation from any of her sisters. The stern general and bluff major may be recognized at sight. Why do majors always "roar"? Mr. Fox pays Mr. Hopkinson Smith the homage of imitation in associating in his story a "Major" and a "Chad." We commend and recommend this as a high and gentle tale; a valuable mirror, too, of a thrilling time.

Mr. Marion Crawford's latest romance has no pretensions to be founded on fact, nor does it owe its interest to any possible identifications with living persons; it is merely a love story, interwoven with the finding of an archæological treasure and the mysterious course of the "lost waters" about which so little is known. These waters, we are told, often rise in different places in Rome, sometimes abundantly enough to impede the laying of foundations of modern buildings; they appear at different levels, coming from some unknown source, and finding their way to the Tiber, rushing through deep hidden passages. They have never been scientifically accounted for, but here and there some Roman mason, whose forefathers have practised the same trade, pretends, and is therefore believed, to possess secret knowledge of the course of the "lost waters," and in this tale the Roman mason Toto uses his knowledge for purposes of revenge. The dramatis personæ of Mr. Crawford's romance have nothing in common with the complicated creations of modern fiction, in which there are many wearisome problems to solve and very little happens; his story runs on with unflagging interest, and his characters behave under the impulse of quite comprehensible motives, exactly as the least imaginative reader might expect them to do.

The story opens with the ruin of the Conti family, and their hasty departure from Rome, leaving the youngest daughter, Donna Sabina, under the care of the Baroness Volterra, who has offered her a home, on the snobbish supposition that her own position in Roman society will be thereby on a firmer footing. The ancestral palace of the Contis falls into the hands of Baron Volterra, her husband, a successful financier of great smartness and lax conscience, who, wishing to realize the utmost profit on this investment, commissions an intelligent engineer to examine the substructure of the palace carefully in search of a hidden treasure supposed to have been buried there in past centuries, but which was not believed in by the family. Malipieri, the chivalrous young Venetian engineer chosen for this work, makes the acquaintance of Donna Sabina, and, touched by her dependent position, resolves to find the treasure, and to frustrate the Baron's plans by first confiding the secret of its discovery to the young girl and helping her to put in a claim for her part of her patrimony, of which her family had in their extravagance and selfishness defrauded her. He therefore sets about the work with secrecy, aided only by his servant. The rushing of the "lost water" is constantly heard, and there are indications of its having flooded the vaults in past times. Malipieri discovers a colossal statue of gilt bronze walled up in a separate vault, but meanwhile the mason belonging to the palace, Toto, hears from outside the knocking down of the wall and creeps in through a disused drain to see what is going on. He is found in the niche with the treasure by the disconcerted archæologist, who locks up Toto in his own rooms in the palace. The man escapes out of the window while Malipieri is showing Donna Sabina, who has eluded her chaperone, the Baroness, for an hour or so, the statue in the vaults of her ancestral home. This is the culminating moment of the story; for while Sabina and Malipieri are examining the treasure, the revengeful Toto, who possesses from his father the secret, turns on the lost water and floods the vaults, so that the young people are cut off from the upper world and in danger of death from starvation or drowning. We leave Mr. Crawford's readers to find out how all came right in the end. His fidelity to nature in showing the working of the Roman mind, from the prince to the workman, is admirable throughout this story, which is written in his usual style.

The Horsewoman. By Alice M. Hayes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

This volume is edited by the husband of the authoress, Capt. M. H. Hayes, who himself is a book-maker of a quite modern type. It is one thing to write in an original manner an interesting and clever book, but a very different thing to multiply volumes under various titles. However, the public at large continues to be deeply interested in everything regarding horses and riding, notwithstanding the pretended superiority of the "Red Devil" and other forms of horseless vehicles. The bicycle has come, and, after a brief period of wonderful popularity during which dire predictions were made as to the decadence and disappearance of the horse, has itself nearly passed away, except for commercial transportation of messenger boys and the like. The horse is coming back to his own, and we can forgive a well-padded book, neatly printed and with clear illustrations, because it tends to revive interest in honest horsemanship.

Mrs. Hayes is quite right in advising that girls be taught to ride early in life, for women past thirty years of age, having lost the pluck and dash of youth, find much difficulty in mastering the subtleties of balance and grip, and are afflicted with a nervous anxiety which tends to give them an appearance of stiffness and general discomfort in the saddle. To ride well and safely, any woman needs a good, well-trained horse; young and untrained animals should at all times be avoided. The requirements of a good saddle-horse are aptly described by Mrs. Hayes. She does not propose to do away with the side-saddle. Not all women are physically constructed so that they can ride comfortably astride; on the other hand, a considerable number of men have such conformation that they would be more comfortable in side-saddles than they are in men's saddles. All depends upon the shape of the hips and roundness of the inner thighs. A round inner thigh is devoid of gripping qualities which are absolutely essential to secure comfort of seat in a man's saddle. Mrs. Hayes has introduced in this volume what she designates as a safety skirt; but women are prone to follow the fashion of the hour in their riding skirts as well as in other tailor-made garments.

It requires considerable instruction and attention for the average woman to maintain her seat upon a horse so as to produce an equal distribution of weight. Mrs. Hayes advises that this can be obtained by avoiding the use of too long a stirrup, and by sitting a little over on the off side, so as to place the weight as much as possible over the line of the backbone of the horse. The woman rider, like the man, must mainly depend upon keeping her position in the saddle by balance and grip, though, of course, the man has more opportunity for the use of both than the woman rider on the side-saddle. Advice is given on the use of the hands, voice, whip and spur in connection with the seat. Lessons in riding prescribed for the walk, trot, canter and gallop and cross-country are all very well in an advisory way or for finishing off a practical education, but it would be wise for the beginner not to depend too much upon book instruction in learning to ride. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the hunting field, its pleasures and dangers for the woman.

Mrs. Hayes devotes a chapter to riding difficult horses, which is all very well for her and her horseman husband, but women should be careful to avoid any animal known to be a difficult horse. There are too many ways of showing courage in life, and too many duties of a high order expected of the modern highly educated and refined woman, to justify her in risking life and limb on bucking, shying, and bolting horses.

The Alien Immigrant. By Major W. Evans-Gordon, M. P. London: W. Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Sir Walter Besant's book on East London reminded us incidentally that we are not the only country confronted with the problem of alien immigration. Major Evans-Gordon now shows us in detail how serious the situation is becoming in England. His introductory section concerning the conditions in London would need only a few changes in names and figures to describe those with which we are familiar in New York. We hear of the "Ghetto habit," which prevents the dispersion of Hebrew aliens in the country; of the gradual driving out of the old population; of the transformation of dwellings and gardens into workshops; of the raising of rents 50 to 100 per cent. through the pressure of the newcomers; of the lowering of wages and of the standard of living; of the use of the local schools to make more effective the competition of alien with native labor; and even of an occasional racial riot, indicating a strained feeling between Jew and Gentile. "East of Aldgate," remarks the author, "one walks into a foreign town," and he further tells us that, when visiting the towns of western Russia within the Jewish pale, he was surprised to find himself in the familiar surroundings of the East End. "The life, the language, the people, the shops, and their contents were the same." A grievance on which special stress is laid is the effect of this invasion upon workingmen compelled by their employment to live within a certain area—the porters at Spitalfields Market, the dock laborers, etc., who are practically ruined

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by the high rents resulting from alien overcrowding. There is no true analogy, it is contended, between the difficulty in East London and that in Russia and Rumania, where industrial openings could be found for tens of thousands of Jews without detriment of any kind to the rest of the population.

Major Evans-Gordon's conviction of the urgency of the question impelled him in the summer of last year to make personal inquiry into the immigration movement in general. He therefore spent several months in investigations at such centres as Dvinsk, Riga, Libau, Vilna, Pinsk and the neighboring villages, Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, and Bucharest, and afterwards inspected the machinery for the forwarding of emigrants at Hamburg. He has thus produced a very instructive picture of the life and status of the Continental Jew, especially on the industrial side. In view of the intellectual ambition of the children of aliens in America, it is particularly interesting to read the author's testimony to the desire for education as one of the chief incentives to immigration. Obviously this section of the book is worth as much to American as to English readers, and the chapter on "Persecution" will be of special value, as bearing on the representations which our Government has made, and may make, respecting the treatment of the races and classes from whom our immigrants are largely drawn.

Major Evans-Gordon's inquiries, though of historical and scientific value in themselves, have also a distinct political purpose. The whole book is a plea for legislation fulfilling the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, of which the author himself was a member. One may reasonably doubt, however, whether the adoption of American methods of restriction is quite feasible in England, where the smuggling of undesirables would be a much easier matter than it is here. But there certainly seems no valid argument against the establishment of a Department of Immigration, or against the proposed exclusion of newly arrived aliens from residence in any area which is officially pronounced to be already overcrowded. The startling information given by the writer respecting the large number of criminal and vicious aliens—in London, he says, from one-half to two-thirds of the traffic in vice is conducted by foreigners—strongly supports his advocacy of the further provision for the deportation of such aliens as within two years of arrival are found to be criminals or of notoriously bad character.

History of Concord, New Hampshire, from the original grant in Seventeen Hundred and Twenty-five to the opening of the Twentieth Century. Prepared under the supervision of the City History Commission, James O. Lyford, Editor. [Concord, 1903.] Two volumes, pp. 1477.

This work, handsomely printed and illustrated in good taste, is a model of its kind. Certain citizens of the capital city of New Hampshire, interested in the object of preserving a correct history of the town and city, came together and formed a commission. This body was legalized by vote of the city authorities, who appropriated $2,500 as a loan of the city's credit. The amount later was more than met by voluntary subscription, so that the city has been put to no expense. This historical commission had at least two hundred and fifty meetings. As a result, a composite work of a most creditable character is added to the list of New England town histories. A general narrative of more than 500 pages is contributed by Amos Hadley. Other writers have furnished papers upon special topics, altogether well written and readable. Combined with a unity of purpose, one finds here sufficient diversity of style to invest the pages with a literary as well as historic value. The book is a monument of labor performed by most willing and competent hands and in a spirit of complete harmony. It is a pleasure to note the good will thus existing among the people of a community. Concord has reason to be proud of this memorial, which is, by the way, wholly free from individual or business puffery.

There is a full index of subjects and of names. The proof-reader has done his work thoroughly; and if there are blemishes, they do not readily meet the eye. We note, however, on page 713, that the name of the venerable minister at Newington, N. H., who served the people there for sixty-eight years, is given as "John" Adams. It should be "Joseph." He was an uncle of President John Adams.

An entertaining chapter is "Canals, Stage Lines, and Taverns," by Henry McFarland, and we cannot do better than confine our extracts to it:

> "Along the countryside, the stageman was regarded as holding a good place among worthies of the time. He could tell to loitering villagers news and gossip from tavern firesides in the larger lower towns. Perhaps Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Ichabod Bartlett, or George Sullivan had sometime been passengers in his coach, and he had spoken with some familiarity with those great men, or he had exchanged polite salutations with Dudley Leavitt, Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, or the Governor of the State. Judges going up to hold court sat beside him, and held the reins while baggage was landed at wayside inns. Perchance he had clinked the social glass with Philip Carrigain, Esquire, and wished him success in his errand at Hanover. On the sightly highest seat of his yellow coach, rustic beauties, going home from service or from school, with handsomer faces than those depicted by the skilful hand of the Concord painter on the panels of the coach, perched where the long whiplash made its surprising whirl past their sunbonnets before it shot forward to make its still more surprising crack behind the ears of the leaders on the six-horse team. Schoolboys by the roadside swung their caps to the driver, and echoed his cheery whistle to the horses. The village blacksmith and saddler came to the fore wheel to take his orders when he drew rein. All the countrymen deemed it worth while to be on good terms with him, because he knew about their horses, and from his opinion as to what a likely animal would bring at Concord or Portsmouth there was no appeal" (p. 851).

Laura Bridgman: Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The rapid progress of instruction among the deaf, dumb, and blind, and especially the remarkable gifts and qualities developed in Helen Keller, have naturally turned public attention back upon the earlier stages of this great philanthropy, and incidentally upon the pupil to whom it was first applied, Laura Bridgman. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, during the forty years that passed between this great triumph and his death, never found leisure to put his most conspicuous achievement in writing, and it is a very fitting thing that two of his daughters should now do the work for him. The details of the process which rescued this class of human beings from life-long darkness and almost despair, are here clearly presented from their father's written memoranda and in an admirable way.

The vast difference between the results obtained from Laura Bridgman and from Helen Keller are partly due to the progress of the age, which had, for instance, developed Radcliffe College for the latter's higher training. They are, however, due partly, of course, to that touch of individual genius which is personal in Helen Keller. To this are added some further individual differences, now for the first time made public, between the two careers. Thus, we now first learn that Laura Bridgman's life was shadowed for ten years by one of the old-fashioned and rather formal religious conversions, when her very soul was darkened by the fear of an angry God, and when Dr. Howe himself said that "he had difficulty in recognizing the girl whose clearness and simplicity of mind had so fascinated him, in this conventional and professing sectarian" (p. 286). From all this shadow Helen Keller fortunately escaped under the benign influence of Phillips Brooks and men of kindred spirit; and this fact, combined with singularly happy influences from her immediate companion, Miss Sullivan, have made her life, as it has made her face, far more joyous to contemplate than was that of her predecessor.

The simple fact undoubtedly is, that among the deaf, dumb, and blind there will be found as great a variety of temperaments as anywhere else. Even in Laura Bridgman's day Dr. Howe encountered in England a girl to whom he gave some half-dozen lessons beginning with the manual alphabet, and of whom he records that "she made more progress in two hours than Laura Bridgman did in two weeks" (p. 380). In reading Helen Keller's autobiography, one ceases to think of her as a blind deaf-mute, but rather thinks of her as one who, if she had possessed all the ordinary faculties, and so labored under no picturesque disadvantages, would still have written an autobiography eminently worth reading. That fact only makes this memoir of Laura Bridgman more valuable, as explaining those steps in education from which both these exceptional careers began. Intellectually speaking, both were the offspring of Dr. Howe, of whom this book will always remain one of the very best memorials.

Caliban's Guide to Letters. By Hilaire Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Satire, personal or general, is a feeble sort of expression unless the satirist is morally and intellectually superior to the person or thing satirized. If Mr. Hilaire Belloc possesses such advantages over the persons engaged in his own trade—the trade of producing reading matter for the daily press, for weeklies, and monthlies—he shows no sign of them in his collection of satirical papers on these persons and the rest of the machinery of production. Sometimes he is faintly funny, as in the article

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on reviewing, but more often he is just foolish, as in the article on special prose. When he attempts to satirize Mr. Kipling, Mr. Chamberlain, and the British empire, the subjects are so far beyond him that his words are but the squawks of an infuriated parrot. His last chapter describes the ultimate destiny of many books, of most novels, hurried away by tons to the pulper's vat, there to be crushed and boiled and cleansed until they are reduced to a white paste, which, passing through several processes, again becomes paper. This chapter is instructive, and may be accepted as a literal statement of fact. There is appended an index of books that Mr. Belloc predestines to the pulpers within a year of publication. 'Caliban's Guide to Letters' is not included; but Mr. Belloc doubtless knows that its doom is written.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia de Wolf. The Art of the Pitti Palace. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2 net.
Ade, George. Circus Day. Akron (O.): The Saalfield Publishing Co. 50c.
Allan, Elizabeth Preston. The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.
Art Album of the International Studio. New York: John Lane.
Bachelor, A. Wanted, a Wife. New York: Daniel V. Wien & Co.
Baum, L. Frank. Vol. I. The Enchanted Island of Yew; Vol. II. The Magical Monarch of Mo; Vol. III. The New Wizard of Oz. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Bédier, Joseph. Etudes Critiques. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Beebe, Katharine. Roger and Rose, and Other Stories. Akron (Ohio): The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.
Benson, E. F. The Book of Months. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.
Biederwolf, William Edward. The Growing Christian: or, The Development of the Spiritual Life. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 50c.
Big Book of Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Black, Hugh. Work. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Gentle Pioneer: Being the Story of the Early Days in the New West. Boston and Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Bölsche, Wilhelm. Friedrich von Hardenberg, genannt Novalis. Leipzig: Max Hesse.
Boole, M. E. Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. The Curious Book of Birds. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Browne, James Crichton, and Carlyle, Alexander. The Nemesis of Froude: A Rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's 'My Relations with Carlyle.' New York: John Lane. $1 net.
Burrell, David James. Christ and Progress: A Discussion of Problems of Our Times. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Champion, Edme. La Séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat en 1794: Introduction à l'Histoire religieuse de la Révolution Française. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
Chesterton, G. K. Varied Types. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Clouston, J. Stover. Our Lady's Inn. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Collins, Edward Day. A History of Vermont. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Crimson Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Fairy Book Series.) Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.
Crothers, Samuel M. The Understanding Heart. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Curtis, William Elcroy. To-day in Syria and Palestine. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Daskam, Josephine. Poems. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Davis, M. E. M. The Little Chevalier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dawson, W. J. The Reproach of Christ. Introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis. (The International Pulpit.) New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. Three Girls of Hazelmere. Boston and Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Dix, Beulah Marie, and Sutherland, Evelyn Greenleaf. A Rose o' Plymouth-Town: A Romantic Comedy in Four Acts. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Draper, Andrew Sloan. Origin and Development of the Common School System of the State of New York. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50c.
Du Bois, Patterson. The Natural Way in Moral Training: Four Modes of Nurture. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Elson, Arthur. Woman's Work in Music. (Music Lovers' Series.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Ferdinand-Dreyfus. La Rouchefoucauld-Liancourt —1747-1827. Paris: Plon-Nourrit & Co. 8 fr.
Fitzgerald, A. L. The Thirty Years' War on Silver: Money Scientifically Treated and Logically Presented. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co. $1.50.
Foote, Mry Hallock. A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Frothingham, Paul Revere. William Ellery Channing: His Messages from the Spirit. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50c. net.
Gilson, Roy Rolfe. Mother and Father. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Goldstein, David. Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children. Edited by Martha Moore Avery. Boston: The Union News League. 50c.
Greenidge, A. H. J., and Clay, A. M. Sources for Roman History B. C. 133-70. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $1.90 net.
Hart, Jerome. Two Argonauts in Spain. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co.
Hartmann, Sadakichi. Japanese Art. (Art Lovers' Series.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Hundert Meister der Gegenwart in Farbiger Wiedergabe. Parts XI.-XIV. Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.
International Encyclopædia. Vol. XII.—Maximilian I. to New Jerusalem Church; Vol. XIII.—New Kensington to Phigalian Marbles; Vol. XIV.—Philadelphia to Rice-Bird. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
James, Henry. The Ambassadors. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.
Jenks, Edward. Parliamentary England: The Evolution of the Cabinet System. (The Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin. $1.35.
Jim Cummins' Book. Written by Himself. Denver (Col.): The Reed Publishing Co. $1.
Jones, A. Clement. Notes on Analytical Geometry: An Appendix. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net.
Jordan, David Starr. The Call of the Twentieth Century: An Address to Young Men. Boston: American Unitarian Association.
Josselyn, Charles. My Favorite Book-Shelf: A Collection of Interesting and Instructive Reading from Famous Authors. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Kempster, Aquila. The Mark. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
King, Irving. The Psychology of Child Development. Introduction by John Dewey. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.
Kiser, Samuel Ellsworth. Ballads of the Busy Days. Boston and Chicago: Forbes & Co.
Kuhns, Oscar. The Great Poets of Italy: Together with a Brief Connecting Sketch of Italian Literature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Laughlin, Clara E. "Miladi": Being Sundry Little Chapters Devoted to Your Day-dreams. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Langlois, Ch.-V. La Société Française au XIII. Siècle: D'après dix Romans d'Adventure. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Leonard, Mary F. The Pleasant Street Partnership. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 85c. net.
Literary Guillotine. New York: John Lane. $1 net.
Long, William J. A Little Brother to the Bear, and Other Animal Studies. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.
MacGregor, Hector. The Souter's Lamp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Madden, Eva. The Little Queen. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 85c.
Manley, Frederick, and Hallman, W. N. The English Language: An Introduction to the Principles which Govern its Right Use. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.
McAfee, Sleland Boyd. The Growing Church: A Study for the Times. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 50c.
Merwin, Samuel. The Whip Hand: A Tale of the Pine Country. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Miltoun, Francis, and McManus, Blanche. The Cathedrals of Northern France. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Monroe, Harriet. The Passing Show: Five Modern Plays in Verse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Morison, George R. The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c. net.
Moses, Montrose J. Everyman: A Morality Play. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.
Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Myers, Philip Van Ness. The Modern Age. Part II. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Nicholas, Francis C. Around the Carribbean and Across Panama. Illustrated. New York and Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $2.
Otis, James. With Rodgers on the *President*. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Patterson, Alexander. The Other Side of Evolution: An Examination of its Evidences. Introduction by George Frederick Wright. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 60c.
Peabody, Francis G. The Religion of an Educated Man. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Poems You Ought to Know. Selected by Ella W. Peattie. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. The Mother of Washington and her Times. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Ralph, Julian. The Making of a Journalist. Harper & Brothers.
Robinson, Mary Y. The Songs of the Trees. Music by Josephine Robinson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Rosegger, Peter. Das Sünderglöckel. Leipzig: L. Staackmann.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. Poems. 2 vols. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.
Russell, J. The Judgment of God. New York: The Book Publishing House.
Savage, Minot J. Out of Nazareth. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.20 net.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Fortunes of Fifi. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
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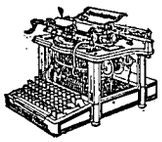

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